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## IRELAND AND FRANCE

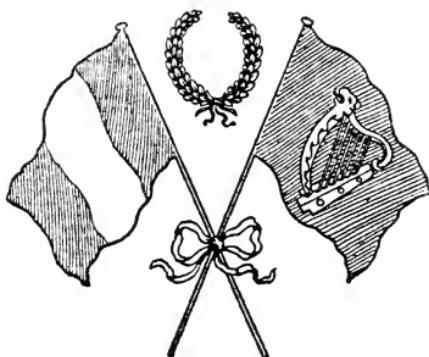






ALFRED DUQUET

IRELAND & FRANCE  
TRANSLATED FROM THE  
FRENCH OF ALFRED DUQUET  
INTRODUCTION NOTES AND  
APPENDIX BY J. DE L. SMYTH, M.A.



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## FOREWORD

IN August, 1871, France sent a Deputation to Ireland to convey to the Irish people her gratitude and thanks for their sympathy and help in the Franco-Prussian war, which had ended some months before. One of the members of that Deputation was Monsieur Alfred Duquet, Advocate in the Court of Appeal, Paris. From the outset of the visit of the French representatives he wrote accounts from day to day, and contributed them in a series of letters to the Paris journal, *Le Français*, in which they appeared as *Lettres d'Irlande*. These were translated into English and published in *The Irishman* of September 9, 1871, and following dates. The original letters were afterwards revised by Alfred Duquet, and, with alterations and additions, were published the following year in book form, under the title *Irlande et France*.

An English translation of this finished work has not hitherto been published. It appears to me that never can a more fitting time be chosen for presenting such a translation than the present, when no Irishman can remain unaffected by the death struggle of France in the War now convulsing the world.

The war of 1870-71 was the forerunner of the greater war forty-five years after. The consequences foreshadowed then have come to pass. The subjugation of France was necessary before

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Teutonic aspirations could be realised. She fought at that time for her national life and honour, and for the integrity of her soil. Her cause is now the same. When Prussia dictated her terms of peace and took Alsace and Lorraine, with the French frontier on the Rhine, France lay dismembered and prostrate. But the end had not yet come, and the triumph then was perhaps designed to be but an augury of the retribution of the future.

Alfred Duquet had heard the voice from Ireland of sympathy and cheer to France, he knew of all the efforts of the Irish people to help his country, and, in the progress of the Deputation, he had witnessed the enthusiasm for France and her representatives.

It is hoped, therefore, that this translation of *Irlande et France* will be of interest and value as a faithful contemporary account of events which have left cherished memories to both countries.

I have thought it better that a complete *verbatim* translation should be given, rather than a reproduction from which any passages, or expressions of opinion by the author, were omitted. This has been done designedly, though I am aware that objection may be taken to some of the sentiments expressed by Alfred Duquet, as, for instance, his remarks on that great corps, recruited from the *élite* of the Irish peasantry, the Royal Irish Constabulary, of which all Irishmen are proud. I have been unwilling that anything be added to, or taken from, the text, believing that it would be an unjustifiable liberty with the

author's work, which would be of greater value if his sentiments were faithfully reproduced, and that the reader would appreciate the natural feelings of the Frenchman who wrote out of the tragic circumstances of the Franco-Prussian war, in which France was isolated and her hopes were shattered.

In publishing this work I have taken advantage of the opportunity to give an account of the leading part taken by my father—Mr. P. J. Smyth—in furtherance, especially, of his cherished project for the revival of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. Readers will judge whether I need any excuse for so doing. To me, my own feelings of natural and, I believe, justifiable pride are sufficient.

The facts connected with the formation of an Irish Legion, though they were known at the time, have never hitherto been published in a detailed and connected form. I hope to examine at a future time, in the places in France where they were deposited, other official documents than those to which I have referred, and to supplement the account I have given.

I must acknowledge my indebtedness to many friends in the preparation of this book, especially to my friend Mr. W. S. Norwood, K.C., who undertook the greater part of the translation of the original work.

I regret that I was unable to obtain, for illustration, portraits of the Comte de Flavigny and of others of the French Deputation.

J. de L. S.



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## INTRODUCTION

ON the evening of the 19th July, 1870, a remarkable demonstration was witnessed in the City of Dublin—remarkable alike for its spontaneous character and its extraordinary enthusiasm. Within a few hours of the declaration of war between France and Prussia trusted messengers were sent out to pass the word quietly around that the citizens of Dublin should assemble in their thousands before the residence of the French Consul and show the way their sympathies went. The assistance was not required of announcements on the walls or intimations in the press—a hint to the people was enough. There were curious whispers about, but the secret was well kept, as “*Neutrality*” had to be observed. The authorities knew nothing until the last hour, and from a few stragglers, hardly noticeable to a casual observer, the numbers increased as the day declined until all the streets leading to the French Consulate, at 37 Lower Gardiner Street, were alive with the music of bands, and an immense multitude of the manhood of the city excited with the throb of sympathy for France.

The object of the demonstration was to do honour to the representative of that nation in the person of her Consul, and to give expression to the fervid sympathies of Ireland in this momentous hour.

As the great concourse passed through the streets, and before the French Consulate, cheering

for France and her representative, and uttering cries of “Vive la France!” “May God protect her!” “Down with Prussia!” “God save Ireland!” with band after band playing the *Marseillaise*, *Partant pour la Syrie* and other airs, the excitement became intense until it culminated in fury when a hostile attempt was resisted to seize the Tricolour of France, which had been unfurled before the Consulate.

At the conclusion of the demonstration the people were addressed by P. J. Smyth, afterwards Member of Parliament for Westmeath. His name was associated with eventful times.—He had served under O’Connell in the Repeal Association, and stood with that band of gallant gentlemen known as the *Young Ireland* party; and since it went down in the disasters and gloom of ’48 his active energies had been devoted to his friends and country.

His speech was brief, but direct, and as passionate as the hour, calculated to excite his hearers with sympathy for France and resentment against her enemy:—

“They had that night,’ he said, ‘tendered their sympathy to France, and Europe should know that the heart of Ireland was with the banner of the Tricolour on the Rhine. Those Germans were known in Ireland—in ’98—and bitterly remembered. It was a saying then that each true Irishman should ‘kill a Hessian for himself.’ France should know whether her former allies deserted or betrayed her now, that Ireland linked to her by historic associations, and proudly

treasuring the glorious memories of Sarsfield's Brigade, had thousands of men each ready to 'kill a Hessian for himself' if France required their aid upon the Rhine."

Having thanked the people for their manly spirit, their enthusiasm, good order and temper, he entreated them to separate in an orderly and peaceful manner, and the assemblage soon afterwards quietly dispersed.

Thus ended this notable manifestation of sympathy. It had been suggested by Smyth, and he had taken the leading part in it. It attracted general attention, and served to form, as well as to express, public opinion while yet hostilities had scarcely begun.

As the spirit shown by the citizens of Dublin was in marked contrast to the attitude of the people of Great Britain, as expressed by the leading journals at the outbreak of the war, it is not out of place to go back to the sources of the sympathy and goodwill between France and Ireland. In order to understand the peculiar relations between the two countries, and the feelings by which Ireland was moved when war was declared, one must retrace the footprints of the histories of both nations. Such a retrogression will reveal the true meaning and explanation of the fervid enthusiasm of Ireland in this hour and her desires and efforts to help France. It will also explain the affection and gratitude between the countries, which are so clearly reflected in the pages of *IRELAND AND FRANCE*, and the wonderful reception of the Deputation which came to

Ireland after the war with a simple message of gratitude and thanks from France.

Three centuries of European civilisation, it was said, belong to Ireland, and in that golden epoch of Irish scholarship and missionary enterprise the foundations of the unity between the kindred peoples of France and Ireland were laid deep and strong.

The wisdom and learning of the past, and the culture bequeathed by Greece and Rome, had been almost extinguished, and the treasures of ages destroyed, by the wave of northern barbarism, “what time the Goth, the Vandal and the Hun” swept over Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire. Ireland then became the refuge of learning in the West, and with wonderful zeal was cultivating literature, science and the arts, and all that refines and elevates humanity. Scholars were flocking to her schools from all parts, and going out again to help in restoring to Western Europe the wisdom they had acquired, and the learning and culture which had been preserved in Ireland from the hour of its deepest eclipse by the barbarians of the north, bringing the light even to those rude northmen themselves. By these scholars from Ireland the traditions of learning were re-awakened in France, who was to transmit them to Europe through the ages; and in the records of her early history France can trace the lives of Columbanus and Fursey, of Dungal and John Scotus Erigena—the munificence of her Solomon, Carolus Magnus, and the favours he bestowed upon men of learning like Claude Clement, who was appointed by him

to teach in the Carolovingian Schools when the great University of Paris was yet in its infancy.

Though, on the other side, Ireland owed a debt of gratitude for the establishments founded at Paris, Douai, Nantes, Bordeaux, and elsewhere, for the education of her young students, and while she cherished the names of St. Ruth and Hoche, and others whom France had sent her; yet far above these and all other memories was the imperishable recollection of France's generosity to her in the darkest time of her sad history—the Penal Days—and of the deeds of the Irish Brigade which, under the leadership of men like Mountcashel, Dillon and Lally, fought the battles of France and drenched with its blood the fields of Europe, “from Dunkirk to Belgrade,” in the efforts of these exiles to repay by their sacrifices the nation that had sheltered them.

There are, indeed, few pages of our history of deeper interest—in tragedy and romance—than those which tell of the loyal and chivalrous devotion to a fallen monarch of the old nobility and gentry of Ireland and their fellow-countrymen, who, after the Revolution of 1688 had deprived the Stuart of his throne, carried on the struggle for him with sacrifices worthy of a great cause, and, when he had become a fugitive, renounced everything dearest to them—their homes, associations, friends and country—following him into exile and placing their lives and fortunes at the disposal of King Louis, *Le Grand Monarque*, and of the European Powers which wished to secure their services. And Europe wondered, surprised to witness these men of ancient lineage, of position

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and influence, severing as it were the very ties of nature and going, with all the honours of war, into voluntary exile—for an idea.

The great body of these exiles belonged to the Irish Regiments which passed into France and formed what was known as the Irish Brigade, which won such honour and glory under the *Fleur de Lys*.

In the gallery of time the mute figures of the famous soldiers of the Brigade stand amongst the immortals of France, and the *Arc de Triomphe*, where the names of Irish heroes and the bravest soldiers of France are inscribed side by side, preserves the memory of their fame, and proclaims their renown, as an example and incentive to those who have come after them.

The sympathy, therefore, between Ireland and France was not the mere growth of a day, nor was it dependent upon any passing wave of thought or political expediency. It had its roots far away in the past, sentiment prompted it, every reason of history and tradition dictated it. The friendly relations from remote times and the traditions in legend and story, the assistance in arms and the sacrifices on both sides, the proud memories shared and the acts of kindness interchanged from generation to generation, had thus woven the ties which linked the two nations in sympathy and goodwill.

In the light from her past, and with memories such as those, it would have been strange indeed if Ireland's every sympathy were not with the French nation in the great struggle that was just beginning.

The history of the relations and the ties

existing between the two nations, explain, therefore, the spontaneous outburst of sympathy expressed by the striking manifestation in the Metropolis on the evening of the 19th July, which signalled the outbreak of the war.

The example of the citizens of Dublin was at once followed throughout the country, and the movement soon spread all over the Island. Large and enthusiastic demonstrations took place at Cork, Limerick, Galway, and elsewhere; while in America the part of France was instantly taken, and was ardently supported during the war, by such leading Irishmen as John Mitchel, Dr. T. Antisell, W. E. Robinson and others.\*

There was no doubt of the spirit aroused, and the warm disposition to give practical effect to it by promptly organising assistance for France.

The object of the leaders having been attained, further public manifestations were discouraged, as experience had proved that such expressions were often merely transitory in their effects, instead of a spur to renewed efforts and permanent and practical results.

The memories of the old Brigade in the service of France were warm in the breasts of Irishmen in those days, while, on the other hand, the name of Prussia was associated with the foreign mercenaries of '98. At the very beginning of the war P. J. Smyth urged that for the sake of France, but still more of Ireland, an effort ought to be made to revive the Irish Brigade.

For long years he had endeavoured to strengthen

\* *The Irish Citizen*, N. Y., 1870-71, and speeches of John Mitchel, 5th January and 17th March 1871.

and perpetuate the cordial relations between the two countries. He had published his project for a commercial highway—by direct communication—between them\* : his had been the original proposal for the national gift of a Sword of Honour to Marshal MacMahon, to whom it was presented at the Camp of Chalons after Magenta : he had given to the enterprise of the Suez Canal by M. de Lesseps the only literary support it received, I believe, in these islands : and when the demonstration before the residence of the French Consul took place, he already had hopes of Irish Regiments fighting again side by side with the Regiments of France, opening a yet unwritten chapter, it might be, in the history of the Irish Brigades, fifty-five years after the disbandment of the *Légion irlandaise* by the Congress of Vienna on the downfall of Napoleon.†

He believed that if France should be brought down from her high place among the nations the cause of liberty in Europe would be thrown back, and that Ireland would sink deeper into provincialism. “To support the French nation,” he said, ‘by every means in our power is the duty of the Irish people. To the performance of that duty they are urged by every consideration of policy affecting their own political situation. When the fate of America hung trembling in the balance, I impressed upon my countrymen the necessity, as they prized the freedom of their own

\* *Notes on Direct Communication between Ireland and France.*  
Dublin, 1861. *Ireland's Capacities for Foreign Commerce.*  
Dublin, 1863.

† The dissolution of the Irish Brigade dated from 1791.

dear land, of standing by the Union. With even greater confidence I now tell them that it is a necessity for Ireland, as it is a necessity for civilisation throughout the world, that France should maintain her position as the leading Power upon the Continent of Europe.”\* Always he had in view the liberty of his country, but he thought that she would seek in vain for it until she had made herself felt as a power—if need be as a belligerent—in Europe.† It was in that spirit and with those objects that he acted from the outbreak of the war.

Large numbers of Irishmen were ready to serve France, and it was evident that, but for the Proclamation of Neutrality, Ireland would have speedily contributed considerable material aid to her.‡

Though neutrality might impose obstacles, however, to the most effective form of assistance—that of her fighting men—there was nothing to prevent Ireland from succouring the sick and wounded of France struck down in defence of their country. The Irish people were urged, indeed, to this work of mercy by noble feelings, by precept and example.

Subscriptions had been pouring in to A. E. Lesage, of Dublin—French by lineage, but Irish by birth—who had himself initiated a fund, and remitted sums to France, in aid of the sick and wounded. So enthusiastic had been the response

\* Public Letter, 30th July, 1870.

† Lecture at Waterford, 24th November, 1870.

‡ *Report of the Irish Ambulance Committee for 1870.* Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1871.

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that the duty became obvious of placing the movement on a wide and permanent basis. On the 7th September, accordingly, a number of gentlemen, whose sympathies with France were well known, were constituted a Committee for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded of the French Army and Navy.\*

The capitulation of Sedan and the surrender of Napoleon, the advance of the Prussians on Paris, and the interruption of communications, were announced early in September. The Committee, therefore, decided, as the best mode of applying the funds entrusted to it, to organise and equip for France at least one Ambulance Corps, with a field service of three or four hundred men.

Smyth and Lesage were deputed by the Committee to proceed to France, to acquaint the Government authorities with the design of the Committee, to obtain official assurances, and to arrange the necessary conditions for the reception of the Irish Ambulance into the service of France.†

In furtherance of his cherished enterprise for the revival of the Irish Brigade, Smyth had been in communication with friends in France—where he had resided for a time—with some of the *Anciens irlandais*; with Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans; J. P. Leonard, and others.

From France he received every encouragement, and his hopes rose high when the Irish Ambulance Committee was formed, with the

\* *Report of the Irish Ambulance Committee.*

† Appendix A, page 149.

view, in a great measure, he believed, of promoting an Irish Regiment.

On the 18th of September, 1870, he proceeded to France with Lesage. They speedily concluded arrangements for the reception of the Ambulance, the necessary conditions and details were agreed upon, and on the 21st of September they despatched the following telegram to the Committee :—

“ France accepts with gratitude the Irish Ambulance Corps—will take it into her service, and under her special protection, instantly on its arrival.

“ The French Government will maintain the Irish Ambulance Corps as a distinctively Irish body, subject to the necessary regulations of the French service.

“ France thanks Ireland.”

Such was the official answer of France, announced on the morning of the 22nd September.

The Council of the Department of Calvados held a public reception in honour of the Irish Deputies, when fraternal addresses were delivered, recalling old memories and proud traditions, and giving a message of hope to the future ; and everywhere the Deputies were received with enthusiasm.

In his speech before the Council, Smyth said :—

“ On the part of the Irish Delegation and of the nation which we represent, I thank you for the honour which you confer upon us. We have wept because of the unmerited reverses which have

fallen upon your arms. We rejoice that out of the crimson wave in which a gallant army perished, and a dynasty went down, there has emerged the rainbow flag of '92. The Powers, blinded by a fatal egotism, may turn aside in this supreme hour from that France whose latest offering to civilisation is a new and wondrous pathway to the East, but the peoples, more just, more generous and more wise, will turn with sympathetic eyes to where the Republic shines from its place on the horizon of nations to instruct and guide them. Ties cemented on a hundred battle-fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade, by the commingled blood of the Saxes, the Dumouriez, and the Moreaus of France, and of the MacMahons, the O'Briens and the Dillons of Ireland, bind together in indissoluble alliance the kindred peoples of France and Ireland. Oh ! we are one race, one people ; take us to your hearts and you will find that in victory or in defeat we will be with you."

He brought before his audience glowing events in the histories of the two nations, telling them of Limerick and Aughrim, of Cremona and Fontenoy, and recalling the sacrifices which France had made for liberty, and the wondrous spirit she had shown, rendering her invincible, when the cry rang forth of *la patrie en danger*.

On the 30th of September, 1870, he received a communication from the *Préfet* of Havre, enclosing a copy of a telegraphic despatch from the Minister of War to the *Préfet* of Rouen, to inform the Irish Delegates that, by a Decree of the 28th September,

1870, the French Government had ordered the formation, at Cherbourg, of a Foreign Regiment exclusively intended for Irishmen.\*

By that Decree France formally annulled, and sought to repair the act—no longer binding her—of the Congress of Vienna (1814-15), which enforced the suppression of the *Légion irlandaise*. Since then the Foreign Legion had been the only branch of the French Army which was open to foreigners. It was for Ireland now to take advantage of the opportunity presented to her.

Smyth had peculiar facilities for observing the actual condition of France, and he had seen the fine spirit of her people after the early disasters of the war. He was able, therefore, to report fully to the Committee when he returned to Dublin.

When intimation was received from the Delegates in France that the arrangements with the French authorities were satisfactorily concluded, active steps were at once taken to organise the Ambulance Corps. The steamer *La Fontaine* was chartered, the *matériel* and equipment completed, and the Volunteers selected from the thousands of the youth of Ireland who offered themselves. All was soon in readiness for embarkation, and on the 8th of October, 1870, the *La Fontaine* departed from Dublin on her mission of mercy.†

Meantime, P. J. Smyth and Alderman J. McCann proceeded by mail route to Havre, having been deputed to present the Ambulance

\* Appendix B, pages 151, 152.

† *Report of the Irish Ambulance Committee*.

in the name of Ireland to the French authorities. Smyth stated that he would go with a larger aim—namely, that his duty to the Ambulance discharged, he would exercise his right as a patriot to promote an object of vital interest to his country.

When the Ambulance Corps arrived at Havre it was received with ovations, and was formally handed over by the Deputies to the French authorities. After some days, when it was about to leave on active service, an order was received from the authorities fixing the strength of each Ambulance much below the original estimate. M. Alfred Duquet was in charge of the arrangements, as the representative of the Comte de Flavigny, and circumstances over which he had no control rendered the reduction of the *Ambulance irlandaise* necessary. At his request Smyth announced to the men the position in which the Ambulance was then placed, stating that but a limited number of them could accompany it, and that of the remainder, those who preferred service in the Irish Legion, and were willing to volunteer, could proceed to the headquarters of the Irish Regiment at Caen.\*

The day after the presentation of the Ambulance Captain M. W. Kirwan had arrived in Havre. "I knew him to be a brave man," said Smyth, "and an experienced officer." Thousands of gallant Irishmen were eager to fight for France in a Franco-Irish Regiment. "Once form the nucleus of a corps beyond," Captain Kirwan

\* Letter—*The Irishman*, 5th November, 1870.

was assured before leaving Dublin, ‘and success is certain, we can send any number of men.’”\*

About one hundred men volunteered under Captain Kirwan, thus becoming a nucleus around which an Irish Brigade could be formed. On the 16th of October they were ordered to report at Caen. Smyth went with them. Captain Kirwan and his men took up their quarters in the barrack, becoming soldiers of the regular army for the duration of the war: the commissions of the officers† were received, and military organisation was soon established.

Smyth then left Caen. I take the following important passages from a statement by him:—

“I returned to Havre and submitted to the *Préfet* these propositions:—

- “1. To send volunteers.
- “2. The cost of passage of each volunteer to be reimbursed to us at the port of disembarkation.
- “3. The volunteers to be accredited by a Committee sitting in Dublin.
- “4. The men to receive pay, according to grade, from the time of enrolment, and to be equipped and armed by the French Government.

“The *Préfet* received the proposals favourably,

\* *La Compagnie Irlandaise; Reminiscences of the Franco-German War.* By Captain M. W Kirwan. Dublin, 1873.

† Captain Kirwan had held a commission in the British Army: Lieutenant McAlevey had been for four years in the French Foreign Legion, and served in Africa and Mexico: while Lieutenant Cotter had been for two years a Papal Zouave and fought at Mentana.

but told me I should proceed at once to Tours.\* I did so, and during my three days stay there had interviews with the *Chef de Cabinet* of the leading Ministers. I was asked a number of questions, particularly what number of men might be expected. I said about 5,000. On the third day I had a lengthened interview with M. de Freycinet,† Delegate of the Minister of War, who, in conclusion, told me that he would confer with M. Gambetta. I said I was anxious to return to Havre that night, and that if he sent his decision to the *Préfet* there it would suit me. I added, that if he accepted in principle my propositions the details could be arranged between me and the *Préfet*. On my arrival at Havre I found a despatch from the Minister of War as follows:—

“‘Toutes les conditions posées par M. Smyth sont acceptées.’

“It was agreed between me and the *Préfet* that the payment for passage should not exceed forty francs per head—such sum, I conceived, being quite sufficient, and our object being not to impose a burthen on the French treasury, but really as Volunteers to aid them.”

Smyth then returned to Ireland. Success had attended his efforts, and his work was all but done. The road was open, as he thought, and the pathway clear, and Ireland’s position promised to be an enviable one.

Nothing was wanting in the arrangements in France: the Government and the people had

\* Then the seat of the Government for National Defence.

† *Ministre d’Etat*, 1915.

shown the same generous spirit as in olden times : they would have welcomed the Volunteers with pride and gratitude : the nucleus of the Irish Brigade was formed and under military law at Caen : thousands of Irishmen were eager to embark for France when Gambetta had declared for war *à outrance* and de Paladine was organising the army of the Loire : Lieutenant McAlevey was stationed at Havre to receive and enroll the recruits on arrival : 6,000 uniforms destined for them were ready. Little more was required save organisation of the Volunteers and means of transporting them to France, and it seemed probable that the success of the enterprise would be assured by a stream of recruits soon flowing to Havre, and thence to the headquarters of the Irish Regiment at Caen.

The objects of the promoters are shown in a letter\* which Smyth wrote to the Press on the 14th November, 1870, wherein he said :—“ There is in the fair city of Caen, in Normandy, the nucleus of an Irish Regiment. It is styled the 2nd Foreign Regiment (*2<sup>me Régiment étranger</sup>*), and will be composed exclusively of Irishmen. It is my firm belief that if within a month its strength were increased to five thousand the position of our country in the face of Europe would be proportionably exalted. Neutrality may forbid that, but there is no law to prevent us from proving to the brave Irishmen now enrolled in the service of France that Ireland watches over them.” These objects were only thwarted, however, by impediments to the trans-

\* Appendix I, page 165.

portion of the Volunteers, in the shape of legislative enactments, like the Foreign Enlistment Act, of observances required by "Neutrality," and other unfortunate circumstances, which coerced the promoters to restrict their original design of a new Irish Brigade, and of affording to France by its means all the armed aid that the manhood of Ireland could give her.

*La Compagnie irlandaise* was ordered to the front on the 16th November, 1870, and assigned to the Foreign Legion. The Irish Ambulance Corps was then pursuing its merciful mission on the battlefield.

Though for a brief interval after the recapture of Orleans and the victory of Coulmiers hopes arose that the tide of misfortune had turned and that Paris would be relieved, it became evident that Prussia had triumphed.

The battles of Weissemburg, Woerth, Forbach, Gravelotte had been fought and lost, and Sedan, Strassburg and Metz had capitulated, but *La Compagnie irlandaise* shared the horrors of the retreat of the Army of the East, took part in the engagements of Montbelliard and Busy, and heard the last shot fired, by the *Régiment étranger*, in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71.\*

Though the aid which Ireland actually succeeded in giving to France was a part, and a small part only, of her original design, it won none the less the deep gratitude of France, who measured Ireland's goodwill, and her own

\* *La Compagnie Irlandaise; Reminiscences of the Franco-German War.* By Captain M. W. Kirwan.

gratitude, by the intention rather than the achievement.

While some influential Irishmen thought that Ireland's efforts ought, in the circumstances of the time, to be confined to the relief of the sick and wounded, others considered the Irish Ambulance Corps as but a secondary project, or, as a portion only of their design for assisting France, and they were determined to send, if possible, not merely surgeons for the wounded, but armed men to fight side by side with the sons of France, and to revive the name of the old Brigade. "Let England," said P. J. Smyth,\* "remove the restrictions imposed by the Foreign Enlistment Act and 20,000 Irishmen will to-morrow win for France another Fontenoy or perish in her defence." The capitulation of Paris, however, the Armistice, and the early termination of the war, brought his plans to an end.

Ireland, however, had shown the way her sympathies went, and her willing spirit to help France. She had perceived that the real character of the war was a contest between French freedom, on the one side, and Prussian oligarchy and feudalism, on the other,—the same forces which had been contending in Europe since the Revolution—and she had taken the part of the leading champion of human right, as opposed to the claimant of "Divine Right." She had dissociated herself from those who considered that

\*At a public meeting in the Rotunda, 25th January, 1871, for the purpose of presenting an address to M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France.

## Introduction

the substitution of Prussia for France, as the leading nation upon the Continent of Europe, would secure the balance of power, and be a benefit to civilisation ; and when, under the aegis of Prussia, the Empire of Germany sprang into being and the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor at Versailles, while France was exhausted, she foresaw the menace of Germanic Imperialism and repudiated such thought as that of Carlyle, the consistent admirer of the *fait accompli*, that the result of the war was “ the most beneficent thing that had happened in the universe since he had been in it.”\*

The visit of the French Deputation to Ireland in August, 1871, when it was received with indescribable enthusiasm, was due to the part which the Irish people had taken during the Franco-Prussian War—to their sympathy and active help—what they did, but how much more they wished to do—for France. The reasons which led the Council of the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded to send its repre-

\* *A Memoir of the Rt. Hon. W. E. H. Lecky.* By his wife. London. 1899. In a letter to a friend Lecky wrote (Oct. 3, 1870):—“I took a walk the other day with your prophet, Carlyle, who assured me that the result of this war was ‘the most benificent thing that had happened in the universe since he had been in it,’ and that it reminded him of ‘how Sathanas went forth breathing, boasting, and blasphemy and hell-fire, and St. Michael, with a few strokes of his glittering sword, brayed the monster in the dust.’ My own view of it, you see, is not his, and I am a little sceptical about the resemblance between St. Michael and Count Bismarck . . . . In Ireland, on the other hand, we are passionately French—partly because we think ourselves rather like the French, partly because of the Irish Brigade which served under France, and partly because the English take the other side.”

sentatives with a message of gratitude and thanks, and which induced the President of the Society to accompany the Deputation, are briefly alluded to in the early part of *IRELAND AND FRANCE*. As they were closely connected with, and resulted from, the preceding circumstances, of which a *résumé* has been given here, these circumstances will, therefore, enable one to understand the real significance of the visit of the Deputation, and its place in the history of the relations between France and Ireland. It is hoped, moreover, that this introductory review may serve to show clearly the attitude of Ireland during the war, and how consistent it was with her best traditions, and that it may add further interest to, by throwing more light from the previous events upon, the contemporary narrative of Alfred Duquet.

J. DE L. S.



# IRELAND AND FRANCE

AUGUST, 1871.

## REASONS FOR THIS NARRATIVE.

AFTER the frightful nightmare of the war and of the Commune—I should say after the horrible realities of our armies destroyed, of our country invaded, of Alsace and Lorraine taken and devastated by the hateful Prussians, of Paris disfigured, bathed in blood and in flames—I am perhaps wrong to relate the less dramatic visit that we have just paid to Ireland. Cannon and battles are now fashionable, and all books are full of them ; but I have thought that the French people would rather like to know that, in spite of their dreadful misfortunes, there is still a nation which has preserved the same love and the same respect for them as it had at the beginning of the war ; and I have consequently thought it my duty to write an account of the extraordinary ovations accorded by that gallant nation to the representatives of France.

To say that the opinions in this narrative are entirely personal is merely to use a common-place expression. I could very well omit this warning, as it will be quite clear to the reader ; for the sake of formality, however, I declare here that everything that follows represents my ideas, and my own ideas only. My scepticism, amongst

others, regarding the generous sentiments of the aristocracy and the English Government, has been contested by several members of the French Deputation in Ireland. They have not convinced me, far from it. In a word, these are my impressions, and so I may be greatly mistaken.

Before beginning to relate this extraordinary journey that the Deputation of the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded on Land and Sea made to Ireland, it is necessary for me to speak briefly of different questions which are connected with it, and to make clear the motives of the Count de Flavigny which induced him to undertake it.

## CHAPTER I.

### CHARACTER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WOUNDED.

THIS Society, which was established quite recently, is one of the most beautiful works which confer honour upon humanity. It is charity carried to the highest degree, since it immediately causes us to lose sight of the enemy in the wounded man, and only allows us to see an unfortunate brother in him. However, it would be absurd to think that the members of this Society could lay aside all patriotic feelings in rejecting those of hatred for the fallen adversary. No, certainly not ! It is a sacred duty for them—it is an indispensable duty, under penalty of the dissolution of the Society—to observe during war the most perfect neutrality, and not to take advantage of their inviolability cowardly to betray the movements and the positions of the army which receives and protects them, precisely on account of that sworn neutrality. But all the same they keep no less in the depth of their hearts their love for their country, their wishes for her remain as they were before, and, when the war is over, they are allowed to become militant citizens again of their own country ; and, although representatives of the Society, to receive tokens of affection from foreigners for the nation to which they belong. And, while I am on this subject, let me be per-

mitted to say how far the reproaches for violating this neutrality, so often imputed to the Prussians during the last war, have foundation. While I was their prisoner, at the end of September, I saw with my own eyes at Versailles, and at Rambouillet, the Red Cross on the ammunition wagons. I saw a large number of armed soldiers wearing an Ambulance badge as large as a napkin : “ We fire first,” they calmly admitted to us, ‘ and then we pick up the wounded.” The big Prince of Wurtemburg, having been slightly wounded at the beginning of the siege, never went out without an Ambulance badge on his arm as large as the sash of a communist. But that has hardly anything to do with our journey to Ireland.

## CHAPTER II.

### CREATION OF THE IRISH AMBULANCE AND OF THE IRISH LEGION.

AFTER our incredible disasters at Woerth, at Forbach, and above all at Sedan, a great feeling of stupefaction spread over Ireland. That country whose children had fallen beside the French soldiers at Fontenoy—that country which had awaited General Hoche with such impatience at Bantry Bay—which feels proud of having given to France the Clarkes and the MacMahons—looked upon us as invincible warriors and legendary allies.

Soon, in response to the eloquent and powerful appeals of my friend Patrick James Smyth, a member of the House of Commons and one of the leaders of the great national party, Committees sprang up on all sides, considerable sums of money, linen, medical necessaries, were sent to France, and, besides, Messrs. Smyth, MacCann, Lombard, MacMahon, A. E. Lesage, MacCabe Fay, and others, undertook to raise and equip an immense Ambulance, which would depart for the field of battle to render help, not only to the French wounded, but to the Prussian wounded as well, since the Irish wished to become affiliated to the French branch of the International Society. But in reality, they did not care much about the Prussians, and what they wished above all was to

come to the help of the French whom they loved so well.

Mr. P. J. Smyth then set out for Tours to see the Viscount de Flavigny, who represented the Society for the Service of the Wounded under the Government of National Defence, then in the Province. With his usual insight into character Viscount de Flavigny saw at once that Mr. P. J. Smyth was a true friend of France, and that he had come to offer the assistance of men whose devotion to our poor country was equal to his own. He eagerly accepted the assistance offered, and showed the greatest attentions to the honourable Mr. Smyth.

The Ambulance was then formed, and was composed of three hundred men, of ten horses, and five carriages.

Meanwhile, the burning words of Mr. P. J. Smyth, and of other orators, had inflamed the Irish heart, and a great number of these brave people found that it would not be sufficient for them merely to help the French wounded, but that they must fight against the Germans who had violated the territory of their beloved France. The number of these volunteers became so great that the Government of National Defence considered it right to form a special Legion, composed entirely of Irish soldiers. This enrolment took place at Caen, and soon this new Irish Brigade, six hundred strong, was fighting courageously on the plains of La Beauce and La Franche-Comté.

I knew intimately, amongst the officers of this Legion, Captain Kirwan, a former officer in the English Army, who greatly distinguished himself in this campaign.

## CHAPTER III.

### LANDING OF THE IRISH AMBULANCE AT HAVRE.

I COPY literally from the *Journal du Havre* of the 13th October, 1870, the account of the reception of the Irish Ambulance by that town :—

“ This morning, as we have already announced, the official reception took place of the Irish Ambulance, which had arrived by the steamer *La Fontaine*.

“ From an early hour the town presented an unusual appearance. The two batteries of artillery of the National Guard, the company of Marines, three companies of the National Guard, detachments of troops of the line, and the *Garde Mobile*, Custom House Officers and sailors of the floating battery *la Protectrice*, were drawn up on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. At half past nine o’clock these troops started to march towards the Eure Dock. After they had defiled in good order before the Quesnel Pavilion, in front of the Irish Ambulance, while cries of ‘ Long live Ireland ! ’ ‘ Long live France ! ’ were repeated times without number, they proceeded to draw up in line of battle, extending from the Dry Dock to the Dock Vauban.

“ The last detachments had scarcely finished their march past when the Civil and Military authorities entered the Pavilion where the Irish Ambulance was drawn up in good order.

“ M. Guillemard, Mayor of Havre, owing to illness, had been unable, to his great regret, to come to welcome our sympathetic neighbours on their arrival. His place was taken in this patriotic duty by his Deputies, M. Siegfried and M. Faure, who were accompanied by a delegation of the Municipal Council, and of all the Civil and Military authorities of the town.

“ As the official procession approached there was an enthusiastic outburst of cheers from the Irish ranks. One could feel how their breasts overflowed with the sentiments of esteem, of cordiality and affection which animated the two nations.

“ When the officers of the Ambulance had gathered around the representatives of Havre, who had come to welcome them, M. Alfred Duquet, Delegate of the International Society, spoke in these terms :—

“ ‘ GENTLEMEN,

“ ‘ The Viscount de Flavigny has entrusted me with the duty of receiving you on the soil of the Republic in the name of the French branch of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded.

“ ‘ It is useless to tell you how much our unfortunate, but indomitable, country is affected by the active sympathies shown towards her at this time by Ireland. The welcome given you must convince you of that. The affection of the two nations is so great that it could hardly become greater, and I may venture to say that we accept

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your help quite naturally, just as one old friend leans upon another.

“ ‘ My mission being accomplished I do not wish to detain you. Permit me only to add one thought, though it may be a commonplace.

“ ‘ When one has actually seen, as I have seen, what our Callot called *Les Misères de la Guerre*, one must be filled with an intense loathing for the polished, elegant, and crowned monsters, so careful about themselves, who cause the flesh and the bones of their fellow-creatures to be lacerated and crushed by bullets and shrapnel.

“ ‘ It seems to me that this war must be the last, and I see the proof of this in the conception and the birth of this International Society for the Service of all the Wounded, whether friends or enemies, which to my mind is the most striking condemnation of those stupid and heart-rending butcheries.

“ ‘ I shall not develop this idea.

“ ‘ Once more, gentlemen—you whose devotion shall heal the wounds of the victims of battle—in the name of our Society be welcome ! ’

“ These words were drowned in cheers.

“ Amidst general applause M. Siegfried spoke the following words in the name of the Municipality :—

“ ‘ GENTLEMEN,

“ ‘ The Municipality of Havre is happy to be the first to welcome you on the soil of France.

I am proud of being able to show you, in the name of our people, all our gratitude for the great work which you have come to perform amongst us.

“ ‘ It is a difficult and a painful work, but you will be guided by a great thought, and you will have for your reward the feeling that you have acted nobly, and the gratitude, not only of those whom you are going to help, but of all the French people, who will cry out with us—‘ Long live Ireland ! ’ ‘ Long live the union of the two Nations ! ’

“ Colonel Massu, Commandant during the Siege, in a few words of the utmost cordiality, then welcomed the Irish Ambulance in the name of the French Army.

“ These various addresses seemed to make a striking impression upon the Irish officers, who applauded them repeatedly, while the other members of the Ambulance cheered with enthusiasm.

“ Mr. MacCann, an Alderman of Dublin, was the first to reply, and, speaking in English, he said :—

“ ‘ On the part of a sister country—a country closely allied to France by many historical associations—I present to you, representatives of this noble nation, these Ambulances.

“ ‘ If they prove of service to you in this terrible hour, they will have accomplished an object dear to the heart of Ireland.’

“ Most of those present had perfectly under-

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stood this patriotic speech, which was repeatedly interrupted by cheers.

“ Mr. P. J. Smyth, the representative of the Dublin Committee, then, in the midst of the thrilling audience, spoke these noble words which we are happy to record here, for they express in their energetic conciseness the ardent and general sympathy of the Irish people for France :—

“ ‘ GENTLEMEN,

“ ‘ Allow me to assure you of the lively sympathies of the Irish nation. We wish to separate ourselves from the shameful indifference of Europe. We are Irish, friends of France, and we are for you and with you till death ! ’

“ At each sentence, we might even say at each word, this speech, uttered with magnetic energy that carried everyone away, aroused enthusiastic applause.

“ Doctor Piorry, of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, then affirmed the great principle of universal brotherhood.

“ When the speeches had concluded the official procession proceeded to the Town Hall, followed by the Ambulance Corps, and preceded by the mounted scouts of our town. The troops who lined the way fell in at the rear of the procession, which arrived at the Town Hall in the midst of loud and prolonged acclamations. The green flag of Ireland, with the Red Cross of the Ambulance replacing the heraldic Harp, gave

rise among the crowd to energetic cheers. All the ships anchored in the Commercial Dock saluted it as it passed by lowering their flags.

“Let us add incidentally that almost all the men under arms wore in their button-hole the green ribbon, which is the Irish national emblem.

“The Ambulance was received in the Court-yard of the Town Hall by the Deputy Mayors at the head of the Municipal Council. All the time the drums were beating, and the Custom House band was playing the *Marseillaise*, the refrain to which all the brave Irish sang in chorus. The officers of the Ambulance having formed their men into two lines, the authorities of our town reviewed them, and in the evening the Municipality most cordially entertained at dinner the Ambulance staff and the Military Authorities of the town.

“Our good friends the Irish could see, by the welcome which was accorded to them, how their noble action met with sympathetic gratitude on our part.

“For them, as well as for us, surely this day will be fruitful in remembrances.”

But then rather a complication occurred. The English too were about to disembark at Havre with an Ambulance which was going to the Prussians at Versailles. Lord Bury had come to make arrangements for its landing, but thanks to the patriotic remarks made by two of the inhabitants of Havre, the susceptibilities of the British Consul, and of Lord Bury, had been

excited, and they regarded the honours shown to the Irish as an affront upon their own country.

The Prefect and I quickly dispelled the insinuations of those two worthy citizens, and all upright men were indignant at their conduct.

The authorities of the town of Havre decided to give the English an official reception, similar to that given to the Irish ; and, although the enthusiasm of the population was much restrained, we had nothing to do with that, and no reproach could be directed against us.

The ardent feeling in Ireland for the French cause was so great that a good number of the Irish who had been enrolled in the Ambulance, hurried to leave it as soon as they had landed, in order to join the Legion in course of formation at Caen. No obligation rested upon the French authorities to prevent this little stratagem ; on the contrary, they should have been glad of it ; and the organisers of the Ambulance had no power to use force to prevent their fellow-countrymen from deserting the White Flag with the Red Cross, in order that they might serve under the Tricolour. As for me, being the representative of the Viscount de Flavigny, it was no concern of mine. In reality I was delighted, but, as my position imposed upon me the greatest reserve, I took very good care not to show how pleased I was.

Meanwhile, the insinuations of our two patriots of Havre made their way to England. The press of that country violently attacked the organisers of the Irish Ambulance, accusing them of illegal enlistment : it was even a question of having

them brought up for trial, but as there was no proof against them all proceedings were abandoned.

When the *La Fontaine* sailed from Dublin, conveying the Ambulance Corps, it was found that in the hold, on the top-sails, everywhere, men were hidden who had not been enrolled, but who were determined to fight against the Prussians. More than sixty people were thrown overboard into the waters of Dublin Bay, and the small boats which were following the Ambulance ship rescued these poor wretches, amongst whom were several worthless characters. But all of them were not discovered, and when they had arrived in France I sent back many of those men, who would not be of service to the Ambulance and who would not be received into the Irish Legion. I had the able assistance of Mr. O'Scanlon, a merchant of Havre, who zealously interested himself in this matter.

These departures from different causes had considerably reduced the Ambulance Corps, which was composed of only one hundred and twenty men on the day we left Havre.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WORK OF THE AMBULANCE ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE Minister for War and the Viscount de Flavigny left me entirely free to bring the Irish wherever it would seem best to me. I resolved to take it to Evreux, which had not a large Ambulance, and which, on account of its position, might easily be evacuated.

We arrived there about the middle of October, and three or four days afterwards, at the action of Pacy-sur-Eure, the Irish doctors were the only ones to attend to the numerous wounded in that affair. But I was obliged to return to Tours, and I left the Ambulance under the direction of M. Bourse.

I shall not speak of the services rendered by the Ambulance at Chateaudun, and in the other towns and villages of La Beauce and Normandy; I shall only say that until the end of the war it attended continually to the sick and wounded, that several of its members were victims of small-pox, and that some died on the soil of France.

Mr. Ryan, a young student of eighteen years of age, is taken prisoner by the Prussians after the engagement at Buchy. He protests, and proves that he is a foreigner and attached to the Ambulance. The Germans pay no attention, but this dauntless young fellow, taking advantage

of a moment of inattention, springs on an officer's horse and makes off. After the first moment of surprise the enemy follow him with rifle shots ; none of them hit him, and he is about to escape when three foot-soldiers and a trooper block up the road before him. He draws his revolver, kills the trooper, wounds one of the foot-soldiers, remains untouched by the bullets of two others, and enters Honfleur in triumph, riding on the magnificent black charger of a Prussian colonel.

The Dublin Committee supplied regularly the needs of the entire Ambulance Corps, in money, linen, medical necessaries, &c., and this Ambulance neither asked for, nor did it cost, fifty pence to the French Government.

## CHAPTER V.

### JOURNEY TO ENGLAND OF MM. DE FLAVIGNY, SÉRURIER, RICORD AND DEMARQUAY.

I MUST frankly acknowledge here that the English gave us a good deal during this horrible war. It is quite certain that the sympathies of a great part of the people were with us, and that the Government and *The Times* represented the minority ; for the interests of England required the maintenance of the military power of France, and the greater part of intelligent English opinion knew that very well. And, indeed, once the French army was destroyed, Russia immediately denounced the Treaty of Paris, and Great Britain, in spite of her protestations, being no longer supported by France, was obliged to give way to the law of the strongest ; and this was only the beginning, for other unpleasant surprises, indeed, were in store for her. Mr. Gladstone will have a sorry place in the history of his country. He is the Grammont, the Ollivier, of England. He upheld a policy that was opposed to the public sentiment, like that of Lord Castlereagh, who, in 1813, gave peaceful assurances to Parliament while, at the very same time, he signed the coalition against France : only, Lord Castlereagh succeeded, while the Gladstone Cabinet was grossly mistaken.

However that might be, we thought it right to thank the English for the help they had sent

us, and MM. de Flavigny and Sérurier were entrusted with this duty by the Society for the Relief of the Wounded. The celebrated Surgeons Ricord and Demarquay accompanied them.

Everything went off as correctly and officially as could be—receptions, dinners, speeches, all was in regular, most regular, form. They even went so far, from their love of formality, as to invite the Prussian Ambassador to dinner! . . . In short, they were thanked.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PROJECT OF A VISIT TO IRELAND.

AFTER having shown officially our gratitude to the English, it was very difficult not to do as much for Ireland, and to leave the Irish people in the shade of neglect.

Once more I am much moved by the sympathies and the goodwill of the majority of the English people, but I abhor their official help. What care England took not to compromise her neutrality ! When one of her Committees had given us a lemon, how it hastened to send three oranges to the Prussians ! It was pitiable !

But as, on the one side, there was that measured, weighed, cut-and-dried help, how, on the other side, had Ireland given hers to us ?

Ah ! Little she cared about violating neutrality ! It mattered precious little to her what M. de Bismarck thought. To bring assistance to us was her only object ; she was truly our friend, for she had, like us, an unquenchable hatred for Prussia. She gave us less than England, but I have thought of *The widow's mite*.

Could one then neglect such devoted friends, after having expressed our gratitude to the people who had done so much for us, and even more for our enemies ? The Council of the Society decided then to accept the invitation of the Committee at Dublin and M. de Flavigny himself set out for that City.

Mr. P. J. Smyth wrote to me to say that he relied upon me to accompany M. de Flavigny to Ireland, and the Dublin Committee sent me an official invitation ; besides, the Viscount de Flavigny asked me if I would be so good as to accompany his father. In two days I had made up my mind.

The Count Sérurier, Vice-President of the Society, to which he has devoted all his attentions since its foundation, and whom M. de Flavigny always calls the Founder of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded, would have greatly wished to come with us ; but the return to their own country of the last of the French wounded who were leaving the Prussian hospitals, kept him at Liège and Lille, and he found, to his great regret, that he could not set out to greet his Irish friends.

The Viscount de Flavigny was also prevented from going to Dublin by his important duties as Prefect of Bourges ; but his regret was as great as that of M. de Sérurier, for he would have met in Ireland old acquaintances whom he had made during the last war, who would be very much disappointed not to see him with us.

We were not without uneasiness as to what might happen in Dublin. Would not the Irish take advantage of our visit to cause a disturbance, that might bring about deplorable collisions between themselves and the police, and even the army ? Would the leaders of the National Party have strength enough not to allow themselves to be carried away by the enthusiasm, and not to utter one of those terrible words—one of those

## Project of a Visit to Ireland 21

dangerous appeals—which are the beginning of revolutions? The information we received on this subject was completely reassuring, but all the same we were not less determined to observe the greatest caution, and on the least appearance of trouble the Deputation would quietly withdraw and not appear again.

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

15TH AUGUST.

THE Count de Flavigny and his two daughters, Mesdames de la Panouse and de Pitray, left Paris on the 14th of August. I only left on the 15th, accompanied by M. and Mme. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Doctor Rufz de Lavison, and his daughter.

Again I see the Prussians at Creil, and at Amiens. When one lives in a country where there are no such Prussians, one finds it hard to imagine that there are some of them still in France ; and when one's path leads into a town infested with these hateful Teutons one feels the saddest surprise.

Behold the trenches and the walls of Calais ! The steamer is getting up steam at the landing-stage, and soon, after the luggage has been loaded and the passengers have gone on board, we are in the open sea. As one might have expected, the boat rolls and pitches freely ; this is the effect of the Straits of Dover, which are always rough, and of the badly built packet-boat. Every crossing tells the same tale. Thank Heavens ! I do not get ill, but how pleasant it must be for the wretches who cannot say the same.

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia is amongst the passengers. She has recognised M. de

Lesseps, and has entered into conversation with him. We soon catch sight of the towers of Dover Castle, perched on the white cliffs of England. In a few minutes more the steamer reaches the landing-stage. The English Customs Officers insist on opening our luggage. I succeed in slipping mine through without undergoing this tedious formality: however, they break open the lock of M. de Lesseps' trunk, but discover nothing liable to duty. This procedure is charming!

The Grand Duchess Marie has quite a quantity of luggage. It is not a good thing to travel with any Grand Duchess whatever when she has a lot of luggage. In fact it seems that the starting of trains is delayed in order to load all the luggage of a Grand Duchess, and for that reason we have had to put up with half an hour's delay in starting. As a matter of fact the Grand-ducal luggage is not examined by the Customs Officer, and at last we find ourselves in the evil-smelling and gloomy City of London.

It is six o'clock in the evening, and I immediately make my way to Westminster to shake hands with Mr. P. J. Smyth. I enter the great hall which serves as an ante-chamber to the Houses of Parliament. I ask a policeman where is the House of Commons. He makes me go up a staircase on the left. When I do so, I am asked for a permit. I explain how I have come to see a Member of Parliament, and I am just allowed to pass in. I find myself in the middle of another square hall, lit by antique lamps. This hall is simply studded with policemen, and two ushers keep watch at the door of the Commons Chamber, which in opening

gives me a view of the President, in a white wig, after the fashion of Louis XIV, solemnly seated under a kind of canopy.

I tell the usher that I want to see Mr. Smyth. He goes in and then comes back to say Mr. Smyth is not there. His brother usher, on the other hand, says that Mr. Smyth has not gone out ; hence a dispute arises which at last comes to an end. Both parties ask me to wait, because Mr. Smyth cannot be long now. After that I cannot make it out at all. Wearied with this waiting, I walk down a gallery by chance, and fall in with a policeman. I repeat my eternal question—“Where is Mr. Smyth ?” At the end of a quarter of an hour he appears to understand me, asks me for my card and goes off to give it to Mr. Smyth. After five minutes I am admitted. But this Mr. Smyth whom I meet is not my Mr. Smyth ; he is the Clerk, the Secretary, of the House. I explain to him that I am looking for Mr. Smyth, the Irishman. This time I make myself understood, and he tells the big policeman to show me the way. I follow close on the heels of the fellow, and at last I find, in the refreshment-room of the Parliament House, the real Mr. Smyth, who is just finishing dinner.

We shake hands, and I sit down to dinner at his table. He then informs me that he cannot accompany us to Dublin, because, as it happens, the debate before Parliament on the Phoenix Park massacre\* is fixed for Thursday next, the 17th inst. ; that he himself, as the actual organiser of

\* This refers to the famous Phoenix Park Meeting on Sunday afternoon, the 6th of August, 1871, when a violent onslaught was

the meeting, must naturally bear the brunt of the struggle against Mr. Gladstone, and that his attendance is, therefore, indispensable. He promised, however, to join us the day after.

This mischance, so unexpected, was most displeasing to me. I had to put up with it, however, and my honourable friend accompanied me back to my hotel, where he was anxious to call on M. de Lesseps. But unfortunately the meeting of these gentlemen did not then take place as M. de Lesseps had gone with M. de Flavigny to dine with Lord Granville

I forgot to say that Mr. Smyth had taken me into the House of Commons, where I had listened to a debate as sedate as it was uninteresting.

made by the police on the people and the meeting was dispersed. The author wrote the word *massacre* in the belief that many of the people had been killed and wounded, but the affair was not as serious as that word implied.

Not since the Union had public meetings been held in the Park, but, the matter having been brought before Parliament, the right to hold them was recognised by the Government and meetings have not since been interfered with.

## CHAPTER VIII.

FROM LONDON TO HOLYHEAD.

16TH AUGUST.

WHAT a bad start for my journey ! The Deputation had arranged to meet at the Station at 7 20 a.m. The evening before I had given directions that I should be awakened at 6 o'clock, and one of these hotel gentry had actually promised to call me at that hour. I went to bed, and slept with that obstinate sort of slumber which grips a man who has travelled without a break the whole distance from Paris to London. When I awoke peacefully, my watch showed the time was a quarter to seven. I jumped out of bed, dressed in three minutes, and went downstairs in a furious rage. I expressed my annoyance in French, but all affected not to understand me. I expressed it again in English, but with no happier results. At last I sent for a carriage, swallowed in hot haste a cup of tea, which burnt my insides, asked for my bill, and gave some French gold in change for English sovereigns. From that moment I failed to get a single word, French or English, out of these people. Knowing that I was pressed for time they handed me a formidable bill, and met all my objections by an absolute silence. Heaven protect, even the Germans, from this English hospitality, so different from the Scottish ! No, even the early Christian martyrs did not undergo such a fleecing as fell to my lot !

Nothing remained but to throw myself into the carriage and to catch my train, if I had still time to do so.

I arrived in a very bad temper at having been plucked bare, as I had just been at the hands of the English hotel-keeper. A man took my trunk, and I rushed to the ticket office, but it was blocked with travellers, and I had a long time to wait. However, my turn came—"First, Dublin," I said, with triumphant voice, and I threw down my French gold—for the hotel had given me very little change out of the hundred francs which I had handed over, and I had not enough of English money to pay my fare. Heavens, the clerk refused to accept French gold! I protested, but struck in vain against the stupid English impassiveness. I was at my wits end. The train was on the point of starting. Where could I find M. de Flavigny to get from him the three pounds which I was asked to pay? I had no idea where the train was, but luckily I caught sight of Dr. Maguire. I rushed at him and besought him to take my ticket for me. Victory at last! I've got the blessed ticket! . . . Yes, but what has become of my trunk during all this time? I looked in vain for my porter—not a sign of him anywhere. That was the last straw. Had the scoundrel, seeing my difficulties, taken advantage of them to vanish with my luggage? If so, how could I catch him? And what of the train which was about to start, or perhaps had already gone? Apart from the material loss of all my luggage, I had in that trunk many things the loss of which nothing could make good. I

looked all around, rushed everywhere, inside and outside. I asked for the Holyhead train, and succeeded at last in finding it. Everybody implored me to get in, for the bell had rung, and they were only waiting for the whistle to start; . . . but I wanted my trunk, and went back to the waiting-room, where, as one might expect, I found nothing. I came back, stupefied and in despair, to the Holyhead train, which whistled and began to move. Ah! there's my man!—there he is! My trunk! M. de Lesseps seized it—dragged me into his carriage—the door shut . . . Oh! Truly a fine beginning to my journey!

I told my friends of my painful Ulysses' trail. Ulysses never, in such a short period, experienced such painful emotions as I had; but now that I found myself at home in Ithaca, I soon forgot my past misfortunes.

From London to Chester the country is absolutely uniform. Clusters of trees, hedges, meadows, cornfields, sheep, cattle, all in the same proportion, and always the same never-changing landscape before one's eyes. At Chester, however, a complete change comes over the view. The railroad follows the coast-line, and the panorama is lovely. On one side are mountains rising higher and higher, green pasture-lands, and charming country seats; on the other side, the sea, with its thousand colourings, its islands, its ships, with their white or black sails, and the long trails of smoke from the steamships on those waters.

We crossed two bridges spanning small inlets of

the sea. The first of these is near a little town of a curious appearance. It is called Conway, and is still girt by its ramparts of mediæval date, and protected by its lofty square towers. The town presents a delightful appearance, situate as it is on the shore, in a frame-work of meadows, green woods, and russet mountains.

From London to Chester, the conversational charms of such people as M. de Lesseps and his wife, and M. Rufz de Lavison and his daughter ; and, from Chester to Holyhead, the beauty of the country through which we passed, made the journey very short indeed, and these eight hours in the train passed for me with lightning speed.

## CHAPTER IX.

FROM HOLYHEAD TO KINGSTOWN.

16TH AUGUST.

THE passengers made their way from the railway carriages to the magnificent steamer which plies between Holyhead and Kingstown. What a difference between these and the awful pitching and tossing boats on the Calais-Dover route! How large and comfortable the former are in comparison!

We found Mr. A. E. Lesage and Mr. MacMahon, the Secretaries of the Dublin Committee, waiting for us at Holyhead. They paid us every attention, got us comfortable quarters on board, gave us an excellent lunch, and in fact left nothing undone for the comfort of their invited guests.

We had been half an hour at table when M. de Lavison asked if the steamer was soon starting, but we had already been under weigh and were in the open sea for twenty minutes. Many people on board scarcely realised that we were at sea, from which one can imagine how perfect these boats are. Moreover, St. George's Channel, which is so often terrible, was a dead calm, and the great packet-boat glided over the sea as over a lake.

After a four hour's crossing, the mountains of Ireland came in sight, and the pretty town of Kingstown, nestling at their base, showed itself,

white and coquettishly, decked with its piers, lighthouses, shipping, Church-steeple and princely hotels.

Mr. Lesage pointed out to us an immense chimney in the middle of the mountains, about three leagues from Kingstown. It is the chimney-shaft of an important lead foundry. It had to be erected to a huge height, because formerly the smoke used to kill the flocks of cattle and sheep for two leagues around. When this chimney was swept every three years, we were told that the sweeping produced arsenic to the value of 50,000 francs.

We are just about to land. The French Deputation consists of:—The Count de Flavigny, President of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded; the Viscountess Artus de la Panouse; the Viscountess de Pitray; M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and his wife; Doctor Rufz de Lavison, formerly Director of the Botanical Gardens of Paris, and his daughter; Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone; M. Henri O'Neill,\* who is a cavalry officer (these two last-named are descendants of the famous O'Neills of whom Ireland is so proud); M. Denys Cochin,† son of M. Augustin Cochin, Prefect of the Department of Seine-et-Oise (this young man carried the Colours of General Bourbaki during the campaign in the East, and is

\* M. Henri O'Neill, who was a Lieutenant in the 7th Regiment of Light Horse, was attached to the army of occupation in the Roman States at the beginning of the war. Recalled to France, he was appointed to the Army of MacMahon and fought at Sedan. His regiment left the field of battle at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and succeeded in escaping the Prussians. One of its Squadrons, in which was M. O'Neill, then became attached to Garibaldi's Army, and remained so until the Armistice.

† *Ministre d'Etat, 1915.*

decorated with the Military Medal); M. Galishon and his wife; M. de Contenson,\* Staff-Captain; Mr. O'Scanlon, the Correspondent of the Irish Ambulance during the war; and last of all, the writer of these lines himself.

The Duke de Feltre and Captain de la Chaise were due to join us next day in Dublin.

We entered the harbour at 5.30 p.m. All the piers were crowded with people swarming like a human ant-hill. We could already hear the shouts that arose from them. The boat has arrived! Those awaiting us include Messrs. Martin, M. Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Lombard, MacCabe Fay, J. J. Kennedy, E. MacMahon, P. Talty, J. Twohig, Alderman MacCann, Dr. O'Leary, J. MacMahon, &c., members of the Dublin Ambulance Committee.

Messrs. J. Reilly, H. O'Rorke, J. J. Crosthwaite, J. Sullivan, S. Brazil and W. Fitzgerald, Town Commissioners of Kingstown, came on board

\* M. de Contenson had from the beginning belonged to MacMahon's Army and was made a prisoner at Sedan. After some days, by exposing himself to the greatest dangers, he succeeded in making his escape, and came straight to Versailles in the hope of getting into Paris. But the Prussians had already occupied the City of Louis XIV., and now M. de Contenson became again their prisoner. Happily they took him for a foreigner, and the French Police gave him notice to leave within the twenty-four hours. Provided in this way with a German passport, he arrived at Tours, when he was sent to the 15th Army Corps, took part in the engagements at Orleans and followed Bourbaki to the East. His division being entrusted with the duty of covering the retreat of the army which took shelter in Switzerland, became prisoners, and this young and intelligent officer was confined at Rastadt. Soon after his release from captivity he joined the Army of Versailles and took part in all the operations against the Commune. Those were, what one might call, well discharged duties to one's country.

the boat, and after the usual introductions, Mr. O'Reilly read the following address:—

“ To THE COUNT DE FLAVIGNY,

“ PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF  
OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED, AND THE  
DISTINGUISHED PARTY ACCOMPANYING HIM.

“ The accident of the geographical position gives the Corporation of Kingstown the post of honour in tendering to the sons of illustrious France the hearty welcome of the Irish nation.

“ We recognise in you the indefatigable champions of humanity, and whilst we remember that charity consecrates your visit to our shores, we do not forget that the histories of France and Ireland are interwoven and teach us lessons of love and gratitude. *Cead Mille failte.*”

This address, written on parchment, and adorned with admirably executed coloured illuminations, in the very best taste, was received with prolonged applause.

In reply, M. de Flavigny said:—

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ Permit me to thank you for your warm welcome, and for the honour you have done us in presenting us with this address in the name of your beautiful town of Kingstown.

“ Allow me to tell you how happy we are to be amongst you. (Applause.) When we put our foot on Irish soil it seems to us as if we breathe

the air of France, and find ourselves amongst our own friends and families. It is impossible for me to convey to you adequately all the sentiments which fill my heart. (Applause.) I have tried to address you in English ; if I have not made myself easily understood, I know that I can rely upon the indulgence, the courtesy and the hospitality of Ireland. My words come only from my heart." (Loud Applause.)

## CHAPTER X.

FROM KINGSTOWN TO DUBLIN.

16TH AUGUST.

WE then make our way through the police, who are jostled about, and a dense crowd which can with difficulty be kept back by stewards with white wands decorated with Tricolour ribbons. We take our seats in open carriages—M. de Flavigny, Mme. de la Panouse and Mme. de Pitray, in the first ; M. and Mme. de Lesseps and Mlle. de Lavison, in the second, &c. I find myself seated with Alderman MacCann, Mr. O'Scanlon, and Captain de Contenson.

The impressionable Irish give vent to loud cheers, and rush under the feet of the horses and the wheels of the carriages. From my carriage I can see Mme de la Panouse, Mme. de Pitray, and Mme de Lesseps, pale with joy, mingled with fear ; whilst M. de Flavigny and M. de Lesseps, in a state of anxiety, endeavour in vain to prevent these men and women from getting trampled upon and crushed. It is a sight that no pen can describe.

It is then 6 o'clock : the route from Kingstown to Dublin, carefully watered to keep down the dust, is adorned with the French and Irish colours : the roads are spanned with festoons of greenery : everybody, even the horses, bear green leaves and ferns : thousands of vehicles,

filled with interested spectators, follow, and hedge-in the entire route. We make our way towards Dublin, carried along by a living stream, and ever the same shouts, ever the same enthusiasm—"Long live MacMahon!" "Long live France!" "Long live the French Republic!" It never ceases.

Kingstown is three leagues distant from Dublin: for two hours we advance at a walking pace, and the crowd becomes greater and greater. The bands of each township relieve one another in playing, while the procession is passing through their district. There is a succession of charming houses, and everywhere pretty Irish girl faces bid us welcome. Blackrock and Monkstown—charming little seaside watering-places—are conspicuous by their enthusiasm, and by the decorations of their dainty villas.

There are a number of police about, but they allow the citizens to do their own police-work.

What indiscriminate patriotism! What warm-hearted confusion! These kindly people stretch out their hands to us, and greet us, and press even under the carriages. It is incredible!

Soon there come within sight innumerable banners, six or eight yards in height and three in breadth. These are the trades guilds of the City, accompanied by bands. The scene becomes enchanting. The nearer we get to Dublin, the denser becomes the throng; but night is coming on, and it is 9 o'clock before we enter the Irish capital. The son of Marshal MacMahon had arranged to accompany M. de Flavigny, and the newspapers had heralded this fact. The people,



MACMAHON



therefore, feeling certain that he was with us, were clamorous for him, and M. Henri O'Neill, M. Cochin, M. de Contenson, Mr. Maguire—any one of whom, on account of their youth, might easily have been mistaken for the son of the Marshal—were actually pulled out of their carriages by the all too vigorous handshakes of the Dubliners.

At this stage the enthusiasm becomes frenzied. The people want to unharness the horses and to draw the open carriages themselves. On all sides one sees men saluting us with uncovered heads, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the populace giving vent to resounding cheers. It is a concert, a formidable chorus of applause. It takes us an hour and a half to get across Dublin, and it is later than 10 o'clock before we arrive at the Shelbourne Hotel. We get down and are carried along and crushed by the crowd, until we recover breath in the magnificent drawing-room of the Hotel. But the people continue to utter shouts of welcome, and the police—who had tried to keep order—are immediately swept away by this human torrent. In the scuffle six of them remain on the ground, more or less seriously injured, after having, on their part, broken several of the heads of our demonstrative friends.

M. de Flavigny appears on the balcony, and says a few words, which are received by thousands with shouts of "God save France!" "God save Ireland!" At a suggestion from Mr. Lesage the crowd melts away quietly after one final cheer.

What a reception, and what enthusiasm! Brave nation! Brave Irishmen! How sweet it

is after misfortune, after the *tempora nubila* of Ovid, to find oneself once more the possessor of such devoted friends. During the war they brought us the help of their strong arms and of their goodwill, and when disaster has fallen on us, they come to give us the joy of feeling ourselves beloved and esteemed. Little they care about violating neutrality. From all sides they shouted—"Down with Prussia!" "Down with Bismarck!" "God save France!" No crowned head ever had such a reception, and M. de Lesseps, who has seen so many countries, so many people and so many things, told me that he was deeply affected by this extraordinary ovation, the like of which he had never witnessed in his life. I advise the gracious King of Prussia to try an entry into Dublin; I guarantee he will get a reception of a most particular kind, but not of that kind which was given to M. de Flavigny.

The Dublin Aldermen estimate at 600,000 the number of people who went to meet M. de Flavigny and the other invited guests. This figure appears to me an exaggerated one; however, it can certainly be put at from 400,000 to 500,000, for the inhabitants of every part of Ireland flocked to Dublin to greet the arrival of the French.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BREAKFAST WITH MR. LOMBARD— GRAND MEETING—BANQUET.

17TH AUGUST.

THE Irish Ambulance Committee, which entertained us, had reserved magnificent rooms for us at the Shelbourne Hotel, which is the most beautiful and the best managed Hotel in the city. The members of this Committee, who did not wish that money which had been subscribed for the wounded should be spent in festivals and dinners, had decided to get up a subscription of their own and to receive the French Deputation at their own expense.

On the morning of the 17th at 10 o'clock, we went to breakfast with Mr. James Lombard, the President of the Committee. We cannot speak too highly of his kindness and of that of his daughter, young Mrs. Murphy. Mr. Lombard is a great horticulturist, and I saw rose-trees and ferns of great beauty at his place. The table was decorated with numerous kinds of roses in full bloom. The breakfast, which was admirably served, was full of brightness. M. de Flavigny was seated between the Lord Mayor and his wife.

I must here in justice render a tribute to the French ladies who represented France in Dublin.

Mesdames de la Panouse, de Pitray, de Lesseps and Mlle. de Lavison are ladies of exquisite charm, and their grace and kindness very soon won the hearts of all the Irish.

I found myself seated at table beside a really charming ecclesiastic. Never have I seen a more intelligent toleration, or a clearer mind. The majority of the Irish clergy are moulded on this type.

After breakfast, the French Deputation, with the exception of the ladies, went to a grand meeting in the Rotunda, which had been called for the passing of the accounts of the Irish Ambulance Committee.

The approaches to the Room were filled with people, who received the French with cheers and hurrahs. As to the Room itself, it was full, absolutely full.

At 3 o'clock the Lord Mayor, M. de Flavigny, his companions, and the Ambulance Committee, made their entrance to the meeting in the midst of a tempest of cheers. The Lord Mayor occupied the Presidential Chair.

Mr. Lesage then presented, in the name of the Committee, an Address to M. de Flavigny, in which he expressed the regrets of Ireland at only being able to make humble offerings of aid, though all hearts in Ireland were for France and France alone. "When you return to your country," said he, "tell them there that you have found a kindred people, and that the benefits you conferred of old on Ireland will never be forgotten by the former fellow-countrymen of MacMahon. The sun of Victory will shine once

more on your standards, and Europe must render homage to France as the champion of Religion, of Civilisation, of Order and of true Liberty."

The President of the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded answered:—

" MY LORD MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN,

" After the enthusiastic demonstration which took place yesterday in honour of France, by the population of your splendid capital, we are happy to express to you with earnest voice our profound gratitude. You have done much to mitigate the miseries of war, and you have done it in a manner the most delicate and generous. You would have desired to do still more if the Laws of Neutrality did not oppose your desires, but we regard those services which you intended to extend to us as if they had been actually rendered, and our gratitude is absolutely the same. Other nations have sent us help, but Ireland, alone, has sent hers with an affectionate partiality, and you alone have inscribed on the banner of your Ambulance the words, 'Franco-Irish Ambulance.' (Loud cheers.)

" Assuredly it is not necessary for me to tell you that your surgeons never neglected to care for the wounded Germans as for the wounded French; but that was one manifestation more of your sympathies for France.

" And, my Lord Mayor, permit me to suggest that the organisation of your Committee is such that it would be most desirable to see it trans-

formed into a permanent Society. This organised charity is the noblest conquest of modern times, the fairest triumph of humanity and of civilisation, and most potent protest against war. (More cheers.).

“The Red Cross, conceived by M. Dunant, and sanctioned by the Convention of Geneva, has become the recognised emblem of charity in the military world. If we have come here to tender to you the special thanks of our Society, we must tell you also that our Government is prepared to confer on you a public testimony of its profound gratitude. It will not be long before you receive the decorations which it is proposed to award to those amongst you who have originated and directed your works of relief, as also to those who, on the field of battle itself, have tended the wounded.” (Prolonged cheers.)

Mr. A. M. Sullivan then presented to Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone a beautifully bound volume entitled “The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel,” and afterwards made a very flattering speech about the illustrious members of the family of the O'Neills. The Viscount, who was deeply touched, thanked him in warm terms.

The family of the O'Neills is the most ancient and illustrious in Ireland. They reigned over the Island for more than five hundred years without interruption.

Niall, or Neill the Great, who was also surnamed “Niall of the Nine Hostages,” because he made a conquered enemy deliver up to him nine princes

as hostages, reigned in the fifth century. It was he that took prisoner to Ireland the son of a Roman officer named Succat, who became the great Apostle St. Patrick and converted Laogare, son of King Niall. This King Niall was himself descended from one of the sons of Milesius, King of Spain.

Of all the members of this family, who made their mark in history, I must mention the following:—Shane O'Neill, the Proud, and his nephew Hugh O'Neill, the Great, both of them Princes of Tyrone. The first, a sworn foe of Queen Elizabeth, gave the following answer one day to the Ambassador who came to offer him, on behalf of the English Queen, the title of an English Earl—“ Go tell your Sovereign that I refuse this title. I am greater than she is both in blood and in power. My ancestors were Kings of Ulster. I reconquered this country by my sword, and I shall keep it so.”

Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone, surnamed the “Hannibal of Ireland,” waged war on Elizabeth. This war, which is called “The War of Tyrone,” lasted seven years, and cost England enormous sacrifices both in men and in money. At last this Prince, conquered and persecuted, fled from Ireland in 1606, and died in Rome in 1616.

Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone is descended in a direct line from Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, whose name has remained so popular, and is so well preserved in Irish legends that the words *Tyrone is Coming*—which for a long time were the terror of those who wrecked the house of the O'Neills—are still repeated to-day in all the

ancient clans, just as they were two hundred and fifty years ago.

Memories of this kind explain the marvellous reception which was accorded in Ireland to the descendant of the O'Neill.

The arms of their house are extremely curious. There is a bloody hand with this device—*Lamb Dearg Aboo.*\*

When the first member of this family came to Ireland he was one of an army under the orders of a Chief, whose name I forget. As they were about to land, that Chief exclaimed—"All the territory that one can see will go to him whose hand will first touch the shore!" Thereupon the oars churned the waves into foam, and the panting warriors looked with envy at that promised land, which each one burned to be the first to touch. Some of the boats were in front and were about to land, in spite of the hail of shafts showered on them by the enemy, when our O'Neill, no longer able to restrain himself, and fearing to see some rival land before him, placed his wrist on the edge of the boat, took up his battle-axe, and cut off his left hand, which he cast, dripping with blood, on the bank, exclaiming—"All this land belongs to me!"

In memory of this Scævola-like action, the bloody hand remained on the coat of arms of the O'Neills, and since then baronets have the right to wear it.

Mr. Lesage then read out the following letter

\* In English—"Red Hand for ever."

from Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans :—

“ 13th August, 1871.

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ It was only lately, and far from Orleans, that I received the gracious invitation which you have done me the honour to send me, for the Banquet of the Irish Ambulance Committee. I have been greatly touched by this invitation, and I regret all the more my inability to accept it because gratitude imposes on me the duty to be present. It would have given me a fitting opportunity to thank you, not only for your friendship, which has been so marked, so earnest and so generous, but also to thank the whole of Ireland for her noble behaviour towards us. I cannot tell you, gentlemen, how touched I have been by what Ireland has done for France, and for my diocese in particular, during that disastrous war. I have proclaimed this wherever I could, and I beseech you, gentlemen, to believe, that while I regret not being able to attend your Banquet, I entertain the deepest gratitude not only towards your Committee, but towards all those in Ireland who have given us, in the midst of our misfortunes, proofs of a friendship as sincere as it was strong. Many are the ties which already bind Catholic Ireland to France ; but now, between these two nations, this tie will last for ever, for life and for death, as says St. Paul—*Ad cor vivendum et commoriendum.*

“ Pray accept, gentlemen, with my regrets

and my excuses, the homage of my gratitude and my sincere respect.

“ **¶ FELIX,**

“ *Bishop of Orleans.*”

Mr. Martin also read out the letter of Marshal MacMahon, written in the following terms:—

“ GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY AT

“ VERSAILLES,

“ 7th August, 1871.

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ I am very much touched by the compliments paid me by the Irish Ambulance Committee, and by their kind invitation to be present at the Banquet to be given in honour of the head of the French Ambulance. I pray you to express my thanks to those who wish to show their friendship towards me, for, at the present moment, I cannot leave Versailles. I assure you that I regret as much as you do my inability to accept your invitation.

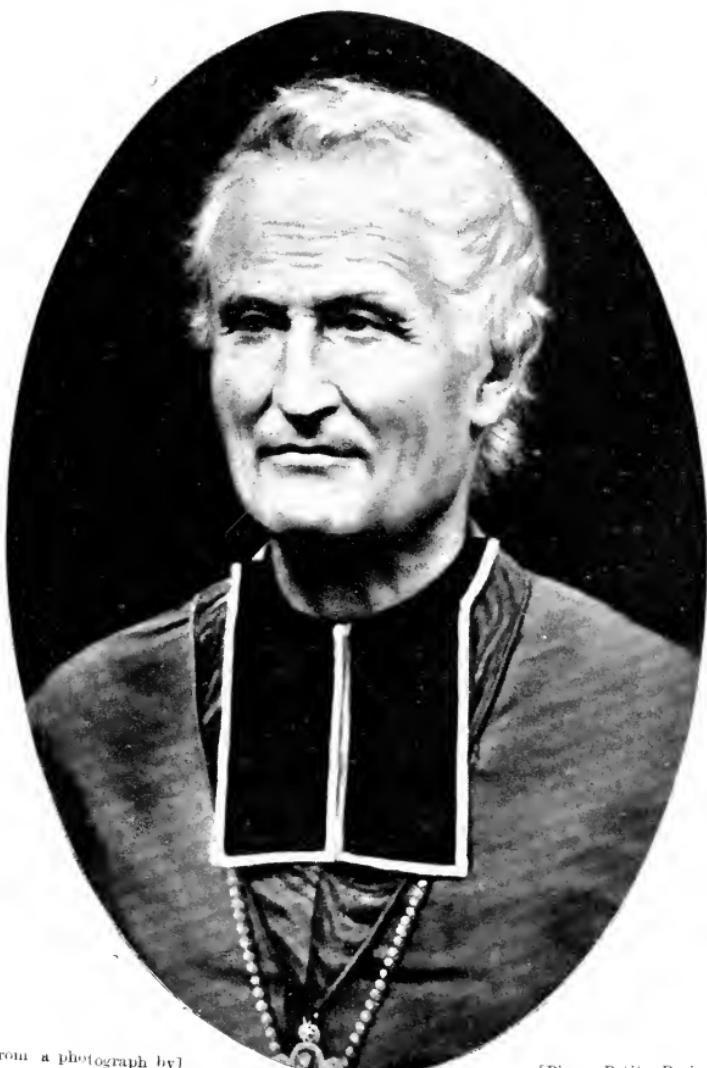
“ Please accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my highest respect.

“ P. MACMAHON.”

Mr. MacCabe Fay, one of the Secretaries of the Committee, then read the complete Report of the Committee.

At last the meeting broke up, in the midst of cheers, a thousand times repeated, of “ Long live France ! ” “ Long live Ireland ! ”

Dr. Baxter, the Surgeon-in-Chief of the Ambulance, accompanied by young medical



From a photograph by]

[Pierre Petit, Paris

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP



students who were with him during the campaign, then came up and shook hands with me. Just fancy meeting one another again in Dublin after travelling together over the plains of Normandy and of La Beauce during that horrible winter ! We, at length, said good-bye, and Dr. de Lavison and I made our way, as well as we could, out of the crowd, which never wearied of cheering in honour of France.

But, in spite of this delirious enthusiasm, what a well-behaved people ! French workmen ought to take a trip to Ireland. There they will see workmen listening religiously to the advice of serious men to whom they have entrusted the protection of their interests, and especially they will see an almost incredible toleration for the speeches of their adversaries.

I was greatly struck with this sight, and I could not help indulging in some sad thoughts. Nevertheless, these Irish workmen only ask for what is just, the improvement of their position by honest means, and a political reform approved of by common sense and equity—whilst in France, what are the desires of those who inhabit our manufacturing centres ? Little they care what form of government they have, for the most execrable despot will satisfy them if he manages in such a way that they will do little work and have plenty of amusement. *Panem et Circenses !* At this moment there are workmen in Paris who come to the workshop on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and give themselves up to debauchery the other days of the week ; and the wages of these men are five, six and ten francs a day.

As for their unhappy wives, and especially for the poor little children—they live on public charity, for the only place to which the husbands take their wages is the tavern.

However, I know workmen, even in Paris, who conduct themselves admirably and adore their families, and I cannot too highly proclaim my esteem of these noble hearts, but they are, unfortunately, a small minority.

I remarked, moreover, in Ireland that envy is unknown. In France it is our greatest curse. The proletariat never think that their state will become intolerable when once they have plundered, burned out, and ruined the rich man, who is, in fact, the mine from which they draw their bread.

No, provided that the rich man dies of hunger with them, they are content, and I even know some people possessed of small means who would willingly sacrifice their all if *Monsieur le Millionaire* were ruined also, and no longer annoyed them with the sight of his plenty. However, I think that judicial tribunals ought to put a stop to the amassing of fortunes by jobbers, such as were amassed by them under the empire, and which were really a public scandal.

At the present time our country requires iron laws administered by iron hands. I do not say by a hand . . . because I fear the singular number in such a case as this; it only produces men like Augustus, like Napoleon the First, and the Third, and we know the result of the works of these licensed saviours.

I am essentially conservative by nature. We

have a Republic—let us keep it. If those who are at the head of the Republic do not suit us, we shall ask them politely to retire. If, on the contrary, we have a monarch of any kind, we can only thank him by getting up a revolution, and frankly speaking, our history is studded with events of this kind. Let the ministers of the Republic show that during their *régime* the laws are rigorously administered—no favours, no pardons, no weakness. If the law is bad demand its abolition by means of the public press and public meetings, for as long as it—the law—exists it must be implicitly obeyed, and those who violate it deserve to be punished without pity—otherwise the Republic is dead.

The peasantry, most of whom are industrious and honest, will, perhaps, act as a counterpoise to the working classes, and thereby prove our salvation.

I have probably just been uttering obvious truisms, but as long as they are not understood am I not justified in repeating them ?

On the evening of the same day (the 17th of August) the grand Banquet took place. It was given in the hall of the Exhibition Palace, which was richly decorated with flags, wreaths, emblems and lights. On a huge platform a large table had been laid out. It was beautifully decorated with vases, flowers and little silken banners with neat and charming mottoes. The following persons were seated at the table:—The Lord Mayor, who presided, and on his right—Mme. de la Panouse, the Count de Flavigny, Mme. de Lesseps, Mr. Lombard, Mme. de Pitray, M. de

Lesseps, Mme. Galishon, Mlle. de Lavison, the Duke de Feltre, Mr. Sullivan.

On the left of the Lord Mayor—the Lady Mayoress, the Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, M. Rufz de Lavison, Mr. John Martin, Mr. Maguire, M. Alfred Duquet, M. Denys Cochin, M. Galishon, Mr. O'Scanlon, M. Henri O'Neill, M. de Contenson, M. de la Chaise.

Many distinguished people, and, amongst others, Mr. P. J. Smyth, and some bishops, had written and presented their excuses for being detained in Parliament and being unable to come to the Banquet given to the French Deputation.

Below the platform were the subscribers, numbering about three hundred, and including the most illustrious and most respected people in the country.

In the gallery above were the ladies and gentlemen who had paid to see the dinner and hear the toasts. Behind the table of honour was a band which played patriotic airs.

I shall not speak of the innumerable courses and the deluge of wines which constitute dinners of this kind. I shall merely say that this Banquet was a royal one. I shall also say, without the slightest metaphor, that our French ladies, in bright satin, covered with dazzling diamonds, attracted the enthusiastic glances of the whole room, and I am faithfully fulfilling my duty in recording that fact here.

But at last the toasts began, and then occurred that famous incident which caused such joy to the Irish and such annoyance to the English Press, and which, I admit, caused some anxiety to

a portion of our own. The Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Queen. As one would naturally expect from an assembly composed of five hundred people, a din of hisses and of cheers arose. It was a matter between Queen Victoria and her faithful subjects whom, a fortnight before, she got knocked on the head in the Phœnix Park, and, speaking for myself, I think it natural for a man who has been beaten not to like it. If there was any danger of such a demonstration taking place the Queen's health should not have been proposed. But the French have really nothing to say to these royal mishaps, which would have taken place at a dinner offered to the grand Turk, as well as at that given to M. de Flavigny.

The Lord Mayor next proposed the health of the Viceroy, whom he regarded as the best sportsman in the three kingdoms. His bright qualities, however, did not appear to be much appreciated by the Irish, because this toast shared the fate of its predecessor and was lost in the midst of cheers and groans.

But Mr. Campbell, the Lord Mayor, did not allow himself to be so easily put out. It is true that he had just sustained two defeats, but he was confident of gaining a complete victory in the end; as to this he entertained no doubt, for he kept in reserve the toast—"To the Representatives of France!"

What a skilful general is the Lord Mayor! His two first failures only accentuate his present triumph. What a storm of applause! There are cheers, stamping of feet, general enthusiasm. It is wonderful. In vain had I awaited some

belated hiss—No, there is only one unanimous shout of “ Long live France ! ”

This is the literal translation of his speech :—

“ I propose the toast of ‘ Our distinguished visitors and guests, the Representatives of the French Nation.’ I feel a great difficulty in proposing a toast of such importance, and when I consider the high rank, the personal merits and the charitable feelings of the men who have come amongst us, my embarrassment is much increased. (Hear, hear.) We have here on this platform the Count de Flavigny, the President of the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded, who with the Countess, his wife, remained separated from their family and far from their home, in order to serve their country and to render aid to her wounded soldiers. There are here, too, descendants of great Irish blood—the Viscount O’Neill de Tyrone, the grandson of an illustrious Irishman, and the Duke de Feltre, who is also of Irish descent. We have amongst us besides M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the constructor of the great Canal which connects two seas—the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.” (Prolonged cheers.)

The President of the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded then rose and made the following speech in English :—

“ MY LORD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“ The splendid reception given by the people of Kingstown, by the corporate bodies and the

people of Dublin, and your reception accorded to us at a large assemblage to-day, presided over by the Lord Mayor, are ample proof that you are united by the feeling of friendship and charity to France. This reception has filled our hearts with joy and gratitude, because we know that it is not for us, personally, but for France. (Hear, hear.) We believe it will rejoice France, and be a great consolation to her in her distress, to find that she has in this country so many warm friends. (Cheers.) In the assembly of this morning reports were read of the services of your Ambulance. But the good it did has been much too modestly represented, for it achieved a great deal. We were imprisoned in Paris during the war, but I have known all that was done by your Ambulance Corps. For instance, Dr. Baxter, who was in command of the Ambulance, not only saved soldiers' lives, but, on one occasion, saved the whole town of Chateaudun. It appeared that a Prussian had been wounded, and to take vengeance the General wanted to complete the destruction of that unhappy town. Dr. Baxter interfered, and, having obtained a little delay, he took advantage of it to examine the wound of the German. Having extracted the bullet, he discovered that it had come from a Prussian rifle ! . . . The German General was appeased.

" The provisions which were sent by the Irish came in great abundance, and not only did the rich but the poor alike contribute. The Ambulances, I repeat again, have done a great deal for France, and are now an institution that must last. The late war has shown us that the

battles of to-day are much more murderous than they were formerly. Science has given her aid in the construction of engines which cut down thousands of men, and the wounded would be without aid were it not for the Ambulances. We hope that you will never require the assistance of France in this way. You are a prosperous State now—(No, no)—and I hope that you will never need like help from us, but if you ever are in that situation you may depend on France.” (Applause.)

The Viscount O’Neill de Tyrone then proposed the toast of “Ireland.” Mr. John Martin, a member of the English Parliament, said in reply:—

“ France is beloved by Ireland on account of a certain resemblance in their characteristics, and when I say characteristics, I mean by this also, their defects, because a nation without faults would be a nation at once strange and stupid. Political circumstances have allowed France, in spite of unheard of reverses, to remain the most powerful of Christian nations. Other political circumstances have fettered the soul of Ireland, but the spirit of both countries is the same, and sooner or later they will meet hand in hand.

“ The demonstration given yesterday by the Irish people shows, especially in the present circumstances, their love, their respect, and their undying friendship towards the representatives of France, our guests, men of a nation of soldiers, whose flag has shone in glory throughout all Europe.

“ Our friends know that a public demonstration

never appears complete when the military or the police take no part in it, but they also know that Ireland is not her own mistress, and that she cannot dispose of the soldiers and police at her own wish. There was, therefore, nothing official in yesterday's reception. It was a reception which was the out-pouring of the heart of the Irish people, of all the Irish people, and of the whole population of this metropolis, in which the inhabitants of the other towns and villages also joined. They wished thereby to proclaim that their hearts beat so strongly and so warmly for France that, even in the most difficult and adverse circumstances, they were determined to celebrate the arrival of the French Deputation, at the same time showing, both in deeds and in words, that they wished to appear in their true light to their brothers and friends, the French." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Mr. A. M. Sullivan then arose and proposed the toast—"To France, our Benefactress." His words were as follows:—

"MY LORD MAYOR, MY LORDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"My colleagues of the Committee have laid on me a heavy task, forgetting that during this week I have endeavoured, both day and night, to take my humble part in the reception which awaited the nation which is our benefactress. (Cheers.)

"But whatever may have been my part in the

actual work, it was for me a pleasure, and although I have been occupied with many other things, I need no preparation when seeking to express the feeling of affection which Ireland entertains for France, whom God preserve ! (Cheers.)

“ And, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, he who would speak of France as she deserves must trace the history of all that is grand and glorious in the civilisation of the world. If you blot out France from the page of history you, with the same stroke, send the world back into chaos and barbarism and consign humanity to chains and slavery. (Cheers.) Just as the clouds sometimes assume grand and wild forms, to show afterwards chaste and beautiful outlines, so we see France evolve at first in the savage grandeur of early civilisation, passing gloriously through the changes of the feudal time, the ages of chivalry, romance and song. (Cheers.) In the days of Charlemagne, France filled the foremost place in Europe, and taught the nations who sat at her feet the arts, civilisation, grandeur, and liberty. (Applause.) Search the history of Europe and see what the sculptor’s chisel, the painter’s brush, and the poet’s pen wrought for letters and art in such days as those of Louis XIV. Even in her revolutions, when the great nation was suffering under the feudal system, in the throes of her agony she still swayed the world, and tyrants trembled and thrones tottered. Trace France’s history from that great epoch down to our own day, and admire what she has done, ever marching at the head of progress, and realising before our eyes the dream of the Pharaohs—the majestic union of two seas.

I allude to that work which the historians of future ages will chronicle as the greatest undertaking of 500 years—the work of Ferdinand de Lesseps. (Loud cheers.) Where is the German who will ever pierce an Isrhmus ? Now, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is not for all these reasons that we now drink to the toast of France, it is not because she has been great, because she has been powerful. No ! If yesterday we gave her this magnificent reception, a reception which kings would have envied, it is because France has something grander and more noble than her power or her glory ; it is because she has been generous and unselfish amongst the nations of Europe, and the only country which ever drew the sword to right the wrongs of other nations. (Cheers.) Whether in the early ages to hurl back the Goth and the Vandal from Rome, and to place again in the Eternal City the representatives of religion, or whether it was to drive the Turk from Greece, France has always shown herself generous and, at least, when holding the scales of public right in Europe, she never put a cotton ball or a Birmingham trinket at one side to weigh down justice and right. (Continued cheering.) And know this well, daughters and sons of France, where should all this be remembered for you if not in the ancient land of holy Ireland ? (Hear, hear.) My Lords, I assert that in the pages of history, from the days of the Maccabees down to our own, there is not a spectacle so full of tragedy and grandeur as the exodus of the nobility and flower of the Irish nation, which allowed France

to enrol in her chronicles the names of the Clarkes, the O'Neills and the MacMahons. Tell me of national struggles, point to me the tattered banners that hang upon the walls from Moscow to Madrid, but show me the nation that can point to such a gigantic spectacle of self-sacrifice or immolation as that which took place when the forefathers of the Duke de Feltre and the Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone fled for ever, turning their eyes towards the hills of Ireland :—

‘ For they would rather houseless roam  
Where freedom and their God might lead,  
Than be the sleekest slave at home,  
That crouches to the conqueror’s heel.’ \*

“ For the sake of these associations, of these heroes that belong to both of us, France, Ireland keeps you in her heart. To-day you have been draining the chalice of suffering, but take heart, have faith. If in your hour of desolation Europe forgot what she owed to you. If when the perfidious foe was at your gate the nations forgot their duties towards you, sheltering themselves behind the word *neutrality*, to remain cowards, turn your eyes towards the West, and harken ! One voice issued from Ireland shaking her chains. Ah, God ! Why were her hands not free to save her benefactress ? . . . . With these senti-

\* Rendered in French thus :—

Car ils ont préféré fuir loin de leurs parents,  
Aller où les guidaient le Ciel, leurs amis braves,  
Que de rester chez eux esclaves,  
Baisant le pied des conquérants.

ments, and in this spirit, I call upon this assembly of Irish ladies and gentlemen to drink to the toast and to cry—‘ France ! May God protect her ! ’ ” (Loud cheers.)

This splendid speech was greeted by three bursts of cheering, and in the midst of the general emotion M. de Lesseps rose and replied to that glowing toast.

This is what he said :—

“ MY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“ I remember having read long ago the story of a countryman of yours who, having been invited to a grand Banquet, had to reply to a speech as eloquent as that which I have just heard. He had devoted a great part of his life to serving the liberties of his country, both by his voice and by his pen. At the same time he had relations with the King and the Ministers of State, who honoured him with their good-will, and these he made use of in the interests of his country. But as his position made it difficult for him to respond to the sentiments expressed by the speaker who had preceded him, the public waited with a certain anxiety to see how he would get out of his delicate situation.

“ He began to speak and limited his speech to these simple words—‘ I thank you.’

“ Observing a sort of disappointment and astonishment amongst the audience, he turned to the person next him, and speaking to him loud enough to be heard by everybody, ‘ Have I said too much ? ’ he asked him. Everyone began to

laugh: he had won. He sat down again and quiet reigned once more.

“I guess, gentlemen, by your attitude, that you would be sorry if you saw me adopt the behaviour of the person in my story, and, therefore, I will not imitate his reserve.

“I find no difficulty in replying to the eloquent toast of Mr. Sullivan—to the toast of Ireland and of France—because I regard the feeling of affection, of sympathy and of mutual esteem, which exists between these two countries, not as a political feeling, but as a sentiment which takes no more thought of reason than love does. (Laughter and applause.) Again, since my childhood I have been accustomed to love Ireland. Why, I do not know. Perhaps it is because I have always heard my people and my friends speaking in favour of Ireland. (Bravo! Bravo!)

“At all times, under all Governments, this friendship of France for Ireland has existed, and has been expressed by the Press of every shade of opinion.

“Yesterday, when I landed with my companions of the French Deputation, I was able to prove the love that Ireland feels for France. There was no break in the enthusiasm. All the windows were full of people waving their handkerchiefs, and the crowd, augmented by the inhabitants of the neighbouring parts of the country, crushed against the wheels of our carriages at the risk of being trampled to death. Such a demonstration touched us very deeply, and we would not wish to disturb the feeling, of which it is the outward expression, by attaching



From a photograph by]

DE LESSEPS

[Pierre Petit, Paris



thereto a political aspect which might annoy a Government of any kind. This would only tend to diminish the merit which this demonstration had for us.

“Now, as a Frenchman, I am certain to represent the unanimous opinion of my country in replying to the toast of Ireland in favour of France, by a toast of France in favour of Ireland. And I am not afraid to add that this feeling on my part is quite in accord with my respect for the Queen, for the Prince of Wales, who has publicly honoured me by calling me his friend, and for the Liberal Ministers who govern England.

“I cannot do better than to ask you—in the interests of your country, which have been so eloquently defended by Mr. Sullivan—I cannot do better, I say, than to ask you to imitate my conduct towards the English Government. For fifteen years I struggled by legal means for the construction of the Suez Canal, and to-day my friends and my supporters are the principal men of this Government and the entire nation. (Bravo !) Therefore, once again, I can only ask you to do what I myself have done, convinced that ties, which will continue to establish themselves more and more between Ireland and the great English nation, will be useful to your country and will consolidate the good which is thereby produced ; for, since I came here twelve years ago, you have obtained numerous reforms and improvements in your condition which you had not expected, thanks to the practical and progressive spirit of the men who govern Great Britain.”

This speech, which may be called daring, was not understood by most of those present, who did not know French. M. de Lesseps, thanks to his ability, had succeeded in uttering words which would have raised a storm coming from the mouth of a man less esteemed than he was in Ireland. M. de Lesseps spoke as Director of the Suez Canal, but not from the point of view of French or Irish interests. At least that is my personal opinion, which I took the liberty of telling him, with all the reserve and respect imposed on one who addresses a man as remarkable as he is. Furthermore, I know very well that there are different ways of looking at this political question.

Many other toasts were proposed and, amongst others, a toast to the French ladies, to which the Duke de Feltre replied.

At midnight this huge Banquet, the like of which had never been given in Dublin, came to an end, and the guests went back to the magnificent Shelbourne Hotel, and there retired to rest after the stirring events of those two unparalleled days.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION—DRIVE IN TOWN—DINNER WITH THE VICEROY.

18TH AUGUST.

ON the 18th, at twelve noon, the Corporation of Dublin came in State to present an Address to the French Deputation. The State carriages stopped before the door of the Shelbourne Hotel, and the Mace-Bearers first got down. These were antediluvian old men, clothed in the fashion of the Middle Ages, and carrying antique gilded staffs surmounted with the royal crown. Everyone noticed the eldest of these venerable ushers. His fur hat was perched on his white head and he carried, swaggeringly, a sword two yards long, which must certainly have belonged to the nephew of Charlemagne. Then came the members of the Corporation, the Aldermen in their red furred robes, on which hung the traditional chain of gold, and at last, the Lord Mayor himself, also wearing a red robe ornamented with fur and with a superb chain of gold enamelled in colours of every kind.

These gentlemen were shown into one of the rooms of the hotel, and were received by M. de Flavigny and his travelling companions. The Lord Mayor shook hands with us, and immediately read out the following address:—

“ MONSIEUR LE COMTE,

“ We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and

Burgesses of the City of Dublin, beg leave to tender you and your honourable colleagues our cordial welcome on your arrival in our ancient city, and we feel that in doing so we express the sentiments of the Irish people. It affords us great satisfaction to learn that the efforts made by Irishmen to relieve the sick and wounded in the late sad war, as well as to aid the agricultural classes who suffered so severely from its inevitable consequences, have been so fully and so warmly appreciated by the French nation."

This was the third address that M. de Flavigny had received since he landed, and I must say that these addresses are magnificent, not only on account of the feelings of affection which they express, but also—though this is a much less important detail—because of the rich illuminations with which the text is framed. The President of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded will bring back to France real parchments—precious souvenirs of our trip to Ireland.

M. de Flavigny answered that it was a great honour to receive this address, that he would keep it as a high testimony of the feelings of the Irish people. He thanked Ireland for the manner in which he and his companions had been received. The Count said that he wished very much that France could help the cause of Ireland. He added that his time of life gave him little hope that he could be useful for any length, but that he had a son who was Prefect of an important town in France, and who understood perfectly the services rendered by the Irish Ambulance

during the last war, and who would always feel grateful for the warm reception given to his father and to his fellow-countrymen by the people of Dublin.

The Lord Mayor replied that he hoped the most sincere feelings of cordiality would continue to reign between the two nations, and that firm individual friendships would be formed.

At one o'clock the members of the Dublin Committee came to see us to show us round the city. We set out in victorias, and first made our way to the City Hall, where we admired the beautiful statues of O'Connell and of two other persons which were pointed out to us, but whose names I have forgotten.

The drive was then continued in the direction of the Phœnix Park, which contains about 10,000 acres. It was there that the famous meeting took place which had been summoned by my friend P. J. Smyth, and which had been so brutally dispersed by the police. Mr. Smyth, standing on a chair placed at the top of the steps of the Wellington Monument, was speaking quietly to the sixty thousand people present, who thronged around him, when the police, who are Protestants and Orangemen, and who, therefore, detest Irish Catholics; \* hurled themselves on the inoffensive people, and the ground was strewn with a large number of killed and wounded. This affair was brought before Parliament, when Mr. Gladstone made a very spirited attack on Mr. Gladstone on the subject.

The English Minister recognised the justice

\* See Foreword, page vi, and Note, page 24.

of the Irish protest, and admitted that the police had allowed themselves to be carried away too easily, and declared that henceforth meetings could take place in the Park.

When I went to dine with the Viceroy I alluded to this sad occurrence in conversation with one of the Chamberlains, who admitted that a mistake had been made in acting so savagely. Although the Prince of Wales was staying at the Viceregal Lodge, which is situated in the Phœnix Park, near the Wellington Monument, it would have been necessary, according to him, to mass troops in the private garden of the Lodge and to allow the people to assemble round that monument. If the walls of the private garden had been scaled, and the safety of the Prince threatened, then the soldiers could have made use of their arms, and right would have been on their side, but matters took place quite otherwise. I was absolutely of the same opinion on the matter as he.

The Phœnix Park is certainly one of the most beautiful in Europe. As far as the eye can reach you see green lawns full of stags, does, elks, zebras and sleek-looking cows. Thickets of trees, over a hundred years old, dot these bright green lawns with their masses of dark green foliage. The Zoological Gardens are in this Park. The Director, Mr. Carter, was good enough to show us through the whole of them. The animals are much finer than those in Paris, and the lions and tigers, especially, are exceptionally fierce. Their terrible cries of rage and greed when the quivering quarters of horse were brought to them made us tremble in spite of ourselves.

Our drive ended with a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of O'Connell. There is nothing more beautiful than the Irish Cemeteries. The tombs in plain granite are free from those awful crowns of beads and *immortelles* which disfigure our tombs. Green trees grow on all sides and make a harmonious frame for the burial-places.

The O'Connel tomb is very plain and very imposing in its interior. A marble sarcophagus contains the coffin, which you can see through a pane of glass. Above the door the last words of the famous agitator are reproduced in Gothic characters:—"I leave my body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to God." In a word, one feels a religious impression in this mausoleum. But why then, on the outside, did they build this high factory chimney from which one always expects to see clouds of black smoke emerging?

During this visit we were accompanied by Mr. Coyle and Mr. Phelan, the superintendents of the cemeteries in the capital.

After that we scattered through the city so as to see it, each one of us, at our leisure and as we pleased.

I cannot resist the temptation to tell an amusing story of what befell two of our friends, whose names I will not mention, and which caused us much amusement. I do not know if it will be as amusing in print as it was in the telling; however, here it is, such as it is:—

Two of these gentlemen went for a stroll in order to buy some photographs. They saw a rather nice-looking shop and went in. One of

them who spoke English much better than the other, but who, nevertheless, was not very proficient in that tongue, explained the object of their visit. Whether it was that the shopkeeper was not very well versed himself, or whether it was that our fellow-countryman was not very clear, the result was that neither understood the other. The most ingenious paraphrases, the most laboured pantomime, made things no better, and the speakers were just about to part, having failed to understand one another, when the shopkeeper cried out in French to his wife, who was at the back of the shop—"Felicie, come here! There are two imbeciles here who are jabbering in an impossible kind of English, try if you can understand anything they are saying!" "Why, you are French!" exclaimed our two friends, 'why did you not tell us so at first?' The photographer was lost in apologies and the conversation became general between the Parisians, the photographer and Felicie, who had just come up with her sweetest smile.

The pair came from Béziers, where they carried on the wine and oil trade. As this business was not a flourishing one, they threw bottles and casks to the dogs, crossed over to England, and purchased in Dublin a photographer's shop where they carried on the business of engravers and colour merchants . . . And that is how the merchant became a photographer.

Please forgive this buffoonery—I shall now become serious again.

M. de Flavigny would have wished to pay a visit to Mrs. P. J. Smyth, but he was prevented by fatigue

from doing so, and he asked me to take his place and present his respects to that lady. M. O'Neill de Tyrone, M. de Contenson, Mr. O'Scanlon and myself went to Auburn Ville, where the cottage of the famous Member of Parliament is situated. A charming lady received us. After a brief conversation she invited us into the dining-room, where the table was covered with champagne, with burgundy, with pots of cream, ices and cakes. The Irish overwhelm us with attentions of every kind, and we could not take a single step without meeting with agreeable surprises. It was with regret that we took leave of charming Mrs. Smyth to attend the Viceregal dinner party.

We were not able to evade the acceptance of this invitation without giving a political tinge to our trip. Whatever might be our own private opinions, we decided to respond to the kindness of the Lord Lieutenant. It would have been very discourteous to have refused.

As I have stated, the summer residence is in the Phœnix Park. Like all English country-houses, the outside of the building presents but a slight appearance of luxury, but the grounds are beautiful. At eight o'clock the guests arrived. The stiff English soldiers in their red tunics and bear-skin headgear, stood solemnly on guard all about the palace. Footmen, likewise in red clothes, with silver epaulettes, short breeches and powdered wigs, stood in a line from the entrance to the dining-room. The billiard-room is adorned with a huge picture representing Lord and Lady Spencer resting in the midst of a hunting party. When we came in, the Lord Lieutenant had not

yet arrived, and we were received by the Chamberlains. At the Viceregal Lodge Court etiquette is strictly observed. After a few minutes he made his appearance, and the French visitors were presented to him by M. de Flavigny and M. de Lesseps, who wore the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Star of India, with which Queen Victoria had decorated him the year before. The diamonds and precious stones which adorn the Cross are of exceptional beauty. The cameo, on which is engraved the head of the Queen, is a masterpiece of the jewellers' art.

Lord Spencer, the Viceroy of Ireland, is immensely wealthy. He owns a beautiful silver table service, part of which came to him from the famous Duke of Marlborough. The largest pieces are hung round the dining-room, and it was a beautiful sight to see sparkling in the light of numerous wax candles all these magnificent pieces of silver, huge dishes, gigantic jugs, chased ewers, and basins, which were large and deep enough to contain a whole calf. Naturally, the dinner was served on this dinner service. This was the Menu, which I copied verbatim :—

VICEREGAL LODGE.

MENU DU 18 AOÛT, 1871.

*Premier Service.*

Potage jardinière à la Xavier.  
Fausse tortue à l'Anglaise.

---

Turbots bouillis, sauces homard et Hollandaise.  
Filets de Saumon à la Béarnaise.



10

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

THE 100 BEST STYLERS

EARL SPENCER



# Dinner with the Viceroy 71

Cassolettes garnies de Moelle à l'espagnole.

Filets de Poulet à la royale.

Salmis de coqs de Bruyère au chasseur.

---

Dindonneaux à la Macédoine.

Jambons au Madère.

Hanches de Venaison rôties.

Selles de moutons rôties.

---

## *Second Service.*

Cailles rôties bardées

Levrauts.

---

Petits pois à la française.

---

Croutes aux anchois

Flan de Pêches à la moderne

Profitrolles au chocolat, à la vanille.

---

Croquants glacés à la ceylan.

---

Gâteaux à la Elizabeth.

Now that you know what the menu was, I must tell you the names of the people who were to partake of it—the list is short:—The Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor and his wife, the French Consul and his wife, Lord and Lady Kildare, Lord and Lady Meath, Lord and Lady Monck, Mr. Burke, Sir Henry and Lady Alice Havelock, Colonel Corrigan, the President of the

College of Physicians in Ireland, the President of the College of Surgeons in Ireland, the Count de Jarnac, Lord and Lady Sandhurst, Captain Byng, the Count de Flavigny, Mesdames de la Panouse and de Pitray, M. and Mme. de Lesseps, M. and Mlle Rufz de Lavison, Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, M. Henri O'Neill, M. and Mme. Galishon, the Duke de Feltre, M. Alfred Duquet, M. de Contenson, M. Denys Cochin, Mr. Maguire, Mr. O'Scanlon, Mr. H. Y. Thompson, Mr. C. Boyle, and Captain Bridges.

The General Commanding the Forces in Ireland, in full uniform, was at the dinner ; this General had formerly been in command of the English army in India.

The Viceroy wore the Order of the Garter. He had Madame de la Panouse on his right and Lady Kildare on his left. Lady Spencer was at Ems, in Germany.

During the Banquet the band of the 70th Regiment of Foot played choice selections. When dessert came Lord Spencer rose majestically, and when all the guests had followed his example, he gravely raised his glass and said simply—“The Queen.” The band immediately played “God Save the Queen,” and when the last note had died away, everyone sat down without saying a word. The ladies then rose and went to the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen alone, according to English custom.

What is the origin of this custom ? Malicious tongues tell us that formerly, at a time long past, the gentlemen, when dessert came, slipped prosaically under the table, and, as this sight must

have appeared rather unseemly for the ladies and young girls, the habit grew up of making them leave before this incident. But why is this custom still preserved, since this class of misadventure is no longer to be dreaded? . . .

At ten o'clock we rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, where there was some excellent music. At twelve o'clock the Viceroy retired.

I wonder if the enthusiasm of the Irish people influenced the English? Never have I seen them so agreeable as at this dinner. The Viceroy was several individuals at the same time, and all his guests were held in separate conversations at least twice by him. "You are a friend of Mr. Smyth," said he to me graciously. "Yes, my Lord," I replied, "he is an honest man and a noble citizen." The Chamberlains, in coats with blue facings, were smiling and bustling about like Frenchmen. Nevertheless, I must admit that they were evidently anxious to give a good reception to the Deputation, and they were perfectly successful in doing so. I am a firm believer in the contagion and influence of one's surroundings.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### EXCURSION TO THE COUNTY WICKLOW.

19TH AND 20TH AUGUST.

ALL the members of the French Deputation, escorted by Mr. Sullivan, left on a trip to the lovely county of Wicklow. The train dropped us at Bray, a charming sea-side place, studded with dainty villas. Open carriages took us to the Dargle Waterfall, a picturesque place which British tourists never fail to visit. We ascended on foot and reached a spot commanding a view over a charming valley, at the bottom of which roared an angry little stream, more noisy, however, than dangerous. We were at *The Lover's Leap*. It is a rock overhanging the valley at a frightful height. I might as well tell you the legend. A poor boy of twenty years was madly in love with a fair blue-eyed maid. Their meetings in the evening, under the old and kindly oaks, were as sweet as the dreams of the new spring ; their voices and their kisses were as harmonious as the sound of the Æolian harp. In a few weeks they were to be united, but behold ! the bride's father found a richer husband. Farewell to the sweetly-formed plans ! Farewell to their hoped-for happiness ! The hateful marriage took place, and the lover, in despair, threw himself from the rock. But this story is so old and well-known that I shall pass it by in silence.

We then went to see the park and the magnificent waterfall of Lord Powerscourt. The scenery in Switzerland alone can be compared with the country through which we passed: gloomy mountains, emerald valleys, torrents and cascades of silver, century-old forests—the resemblance was perfect. The Powerscourt Waterfall is especially beautiful. It throws itself from a height of two hundred feet, and its drops form glistening diamonds on the dark rocks which appear from time to time in the midst of this fair sheet of water. Beautiful oak trees form a frame around the cascade, and rise, like an amphitheatre, amongst the mossy rocks to the summit of the mountain.

We next started for the Vartry.

At one time the City of Dublin had absolutely no water supply. The Corporation undertook to remedy this want, but interested parties—the red-tapists and Pharisees of every period—according to the expression of M. de Lesseps, whose explanation I am only giving here—opposed this daring project. What did the Corporation do? They clubbed together, and themselves supplied the twelve million francs requisite for this work. It was necessary to create an artificial lake nine miles from Dublin, at the Vartry, where we then were, and to bring the water across the mountains and valleys to Dublin, by means of syphons, in accordance with the law of communicating vessels. This work took five years and was a marvellous success. To-day the City of Dublin can consume seventy-five million litres of water a day. The revenue for one year, from these works, has

been one-tenth of the money that was expended. It is, therefore, an unparalleled success, and the Dublin Corporation may well be proud of its intelligence and perseverance. Mr. Patrick McCann, son of the Alderman, and one of the skilful engineers in charge of this work, told me that they were going to construct gigantic drains to carry the waters of the streamlets as far as the sea.

At Vartry, the Lord Mayor, the aldermen of Dublin, and the engineers were awaiting us. Luncheon had been got ready for us in the house of the Superintendent of the Waterworks. Many speeches were made, and after lunch we saw the lakes, the reservoirs, the sluices, in fact the whole of this colossal work.

We then set out for Glendalough, and there we met with a slight misadventure. We were all very tired and were dying to get to sleep : beds with white sheets and downy pillows always presented themselves invitingly to our imaginations ; on the other hand we were far from hungry, because the lunch at the Vartry had completely taken away our appetites. However, a telegram announced our arrival for dinner, but said nothing about our bedrooms, so we found a magnificent supper ready for us, which none of us had the slightest desire to touch, but we found ourselves without the delightful beds which we had been so pleasantly anticipating in our imaginations. We succeeded, however, in providing first for the ladies, and for M. de Flavigny and M. de Lavison. Young people, like the rest of us, had a bed between two. We stretched our arms without

a sigh, shut our eyes and went to sleep immediately.

During the whole of our trip in these places the people came out to meet us with extraordinary enthusiasm. The smallest villages had their French flags, and all the inhabitants, with green branches in their hands, saluted us with cheers as we drove past. One would wish that all the French people had seen, as we did, how much the people loved us. At midnight there was still a crowd at the hotel door which never ceased shouting “Long live France!” “God save France!” This greeting was really most touching, and you cannot imagine what it was like if you have not seen it. Whatever may have been the fatigue of such a journey with these constant interruptions, to which we were, naturally, obliged to submit, it will always be one of the happiest memories of our lives, and we shall never be able to think of Ireland without experiencing an entirely brotherly feeling for her people.

The rain, which was coming down in torrents during the night and the morning, stopped after Mass, and the French party set out for a walk around Glendalough. Grey clouds were flying overhead with a speed which made one giddy, licking the mountain-sides covered with heather and fir trees. The little lakes reflected the gloomy sky, and the wind raised and lashed the waves into foam which glistened like diamonds strewn on a sea of jet. In the distance a waterfall whitened the mountain and threw itself into the midst of the lake. We went to see another waterfall, swollen beyond its usual

size by the rain which had fallen during the night. It was more beautiful than the *Reichenbach*. The mass of water roared and thundered and whirled itself amongst the rocks which seemed to give way under its terrible impact. The trees shivered, and the ferns, torn away by the stream, disappeared at once from view, carried down by this infernal current.

After this we paid a visit to *The Seven Churches*. In the early centuries of the Christian era a holy priest converted the seven sons of a king, who caused seven churches to be built. One of these remains intact, and the ruins of the others are still visible. These churches date from the time of Pharamond. The ground that we went over was full of Irish memorial crosses.

Then a tower was pointed out to us, as regards the origin of which opinions were divided. Some people look upon it as a sort of very ancient Christian belfry, while others consider it is a monument erected by Fire Worshippers, followers of the Persians. *Adhuc sub judice lis est.*

But hark to the music of the town band ! The people follow it and come to wish us good-bye. We get into our carriages and we set out to the sound of cheering from those kindly people. The rain had ceased, and at times even the sun showed itself, and gilded with its rays the corners of the valleys or some mountain peak. The road winds upwards and the country becomes wilder. Heather and turf stretched as far as the eye could reach. The country is one of rare beauty. At the top of the mountain, at Lough Bray, I perceived a lovely little lake in a valley,

and; on the borders of this lake, a charming estate, as green as Spring, on which a white house stands out from the lawn and large groups of trees. We did not stop—the scenery was ever changing, always producing the most superb effects.

Here we are at last at the Reformatory School: a house where children are detained, and which is managed by Father Fox. I am sorry to be always repeating the same phrases, and to be speaking continually of the flags, wreaths and cheers, but, like Molière,—*Je dis toujours la même chose, parce que, c'est toujours la même chose ; si ce n'était pas toujours la même chose, je ne dirais pas toujours la même chose.* \*

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood were there with their banners. The little inmates of the Reformatory were drawn up on each side and gave frantic cheers when M. de Flavigny passed. They had an excellent band, the members of which were themselves inmates and were dressed like Zouaves. Father Fox and his assistants showed us all over the house. A dainty lunch had been prepared and, as the mountain air had whetted our appetites, it was with great pleasure that each of us sat down to taste the fare of these reverend gentlemen. The wines were excellent, especially a Hockheim of 1862 which Mr. Smyth, M. de Feltre and myself sipped whilst the toasts were being proposed.

Mr. P. J. Smyth spoke in French, and in a speech, as firm as it was moderate,—these are the

\* “ I always say the same thing, because it is always the same thing ; if it was not always the same thing, I would not always say the same thing.”

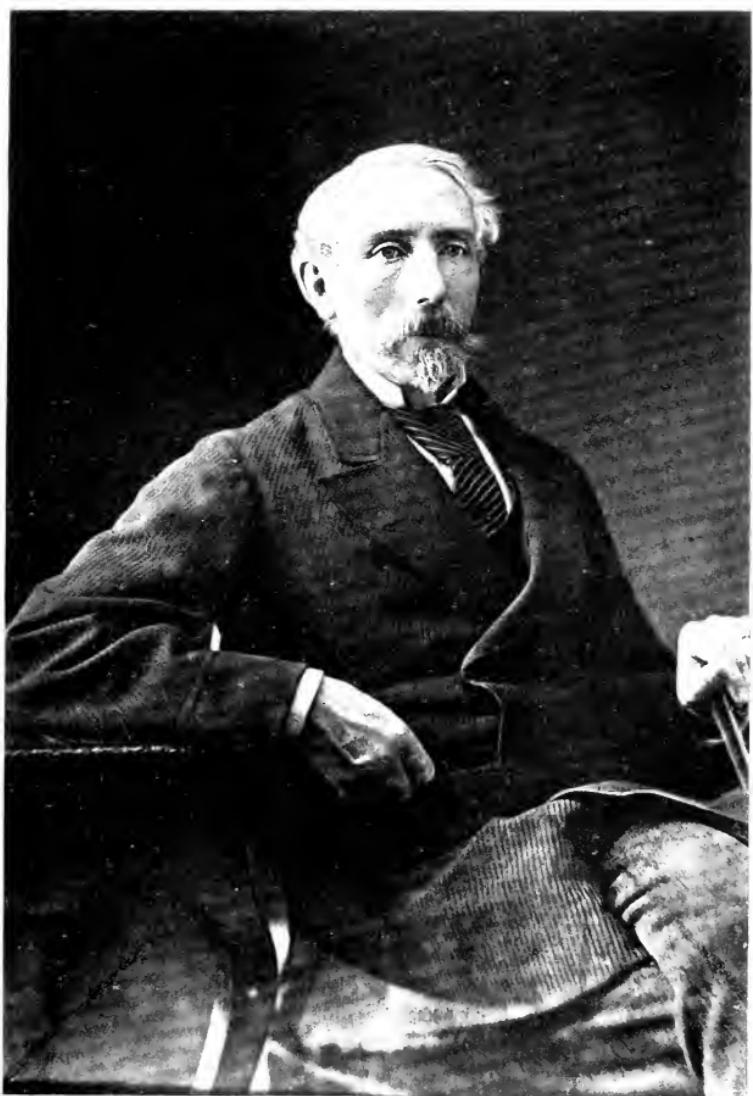
only words which express it—explained that sometimes Governments were obliged to take into consideration the feelings of other Governments; that the Government which ruled the fortunes of France was obliged to exercise much reserve, but, when all was said and done, it cherished a true affection for Ireland, whose inhabitants asked for nothing more. Then skilfully and abruptly finishing his speech, he proposed one toast, and one toast only,—“The Director of this Establishment.” (Prolonged cheers.)

The Director replied, and with great eloquence told us how honoured he felt by the visit of M. de Flavigny. This visit, said he, is more precious to us than that of a prince or of a viceroy, because it was M. de Flavigny who, with M. Demetz, founded the first colony akin to ours—namely, the colony of Mettray.

I must mention a young inmate gifted with a magnificent voice, who sang four or five songs in a quite remarkable manner. This little boy was cheered to the echo.

What a curious appearance that supper presented! These Frenchmen mingling with the citizens and with these Irish priests, sitting at the table of a House of Correction, built on the side of a mountain! The candles threw fantastic lights on the astonished faces of the guests, whilst the usual speeches, the hospitable clink of glasses and the plaintive melody of some Irish romance were heard in the midst of religious silence.

At ten o'clock in the evening the French visitors and the Dublin notables who had gone to the Reformatory School to receive them, took



From a photograph by

Chancellor & Son, Dublin

P. J. SMYTH



## Excursion to the Co. Wicklow 81

leave of the Director and the other reverend fathers, and we returned to Dublin to the Shelbourne Hotel.

On that day we were sorry to have to say good-bye to M. and Mme. de Lesseps. When I say sorry, I do not use the word in its common everyday sense. I appeal to all who know them. M. de Lesseps had to return to Paris to attend the meeting of the shareholders of the Canal.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### VISITS TO MALLOW AND CORK.

21ST AND 22ND AUGUST.

ON the morning of the 21st we proceeded to Mallow, where we had been invited by its inhabitants after a special meeting held for that purpose. Before taking the train the ladies, accompanied by the other French people, visited the shops of Mr. A E. Lesage, the Secretary of the Ambulance Committee. There was a very fine exhibition of works of art in these shops. I noticed there the original paintings of Gérôme and of Protais—*Le Calvaire* and *Le Retour en France*.

We were in carriages, accompanied by Mr. John Martin and Mr. Sullivan. The cheers began again: “Pleasant journey to Cork!” *Au revoir!* “Three cheers for Count Flavigny!” “Hurrah!” But we were in for every sort of surprise. At each station the entire population collected, and there was a regular crush to get near our carriage. What cheers there were! France may well be proud of the homage paid to her in the person of her representatives.

We saw the Castle of Kildare, an old castle of curious shape. On our arrival at Maryborough the Mayor was awaiting us, followed by all

the inhabitants of the town. He presented us with an address on white silk, tied with green ribbons, and ornamented with harps of bog oak. M. de Flavigny replied, and deafening shouts and cheers arose.

This part of Ireland is very like our plains of Perche and of Mans. It consists of farms intersected by hedges, flanked on each side by ditches—namely, by the real Irish “Double Bank” (*banquette irlandaise*). In the distance, however, you can see the blue of the hills, not at all unlike those of Beaujolais.

At Thurles we met with renewed enthusiasm; but it was at Limerick Junction that this enthusiasm assumed gigantic proportions. The Cities of Limerick and of Belfast had invited the French Deputation to come within their walls, but unfortunately time did not permit, and fatigue also prevented us from doing so. At Limerick we would have been received with the same cordiality as in Dublin, and I cannot tell how much I regret having been unable to shake hands with the noble inhabitants of Limerick, the Liberal. But, personally, I would have greatly wished to go to Belfast, the English city of Ireland, and the capital of the Orangemen. In fact certain information I got proved to me that our reception in Belfast would have been equally magnificent. And then one can imagine how great would have been the confusion of the English party, completely defeated in the city which they regarded as their own capital.

The inhabitants of Tipperary, to the number of more than five thousand, assembled at Limerick

Junction to greet the French. Flags of the corporate bodies, bands, everything was there. The crush was dreadful and the crowd rushed upon the train itself. The girders that supported the station were covered with clusters of people who wanted to see us. Under the carriages, on top of the carriages, everywhere we saw Irishmen. They put their hands down through the places where the lamps were suspended, in order to shake hands with us. Every moment there were cheers for M. de Flavigny and M. O'Neill de Tyrone and the French ladies, then groans for the wretched Bismarck. Really, if I had not the testimony and support of the honourable people who went on this journey, and that of all the Irish and English newspapers, I would not attempt to describe these scenes, which appear absolutely incredible, so afraid would I be of being accused of exaggeration.

At Limerick Junction I heard repeated cries of "Long live the French Republic!" I have not yet told you that ever since the French visitors landed they have always been greeted by the *Marseillaise*. This noble air has been so degraded by the supporters of Bonaparte and the unclean mob of Belleville that I have not had the courage to speak of it. I am almost ashamed of this entrancing hymn, and, nevertheless, I love it so deeply!

The mountains in the neighbourhood of Tipperary have extraordinary tints. As we approached Mallow, bon-fires began to shine in all directions. At last we reached our destination. How shall we get through this human sea

which breaks against the carriage doors? Stewards, carrying wands with blue, white, red and green ribbons, tried to force a way through the crowd. Vain were their efforts! The crush was horrible and enfolded us in its suffocating embrace. I seized the arm of Mme. de Pitray, who had been dragged away by the crowd, and making use of my elbows, my fists and even my head, I succeeded in getting her clear of this dangerous passage without suffering much harm. At last we were out in the open, and space allowed us to lay aside our fear of this awful crush. The procession opened with the music of the band, and thus conducted the French Deputation made its way to the hotel, under triumphal arches, garlands and emblems.

The drawing-room filled rapidly, and a magistrate of the town of Mallow, specially entrusted with this task by the inhabitants, read an address to M. de Flavigny, who immediately replied.

There were loud shouts for the French from the people who had assembled under the windows of the hotel. Accordingly, we got out on the balcony, and our indefatigable President again addressed our friends, who cheered enthusiastically. Then the band played a last serenade, and everybody made his way to his room for the night, truly touched by this persistent affection.

The next day at eight o'clock the band came to the hotel to escort the French to the railway station. The train left to the sound of a thousand good wishes from the inhabitants. We soon found ourselves at Blarney.

The Cork *Daily Herald* of the 23rd August, 1871, gave the following report:—

“ Yesterday will be written in letters of gold in the history of Cork. In all its bead-roll of triumphs its grand old walls have never rung with sounds of joy half so mighty as those that thrilled them yesterday. No power of language can describe, no words can express, the wonder of this compliment to France, the intense enthusiasm of the reception, and the warmth of the welcome which was given to the Deputation from the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded.

“ Three months ago when Her Majesty’s Lord Lieutenant in Ireland made his public entry into Cork, surrounded by soldiers, no cheers were raised to greet him, no bands were heard playing National airs, not a shop was shut, as on a *fête* day, not a banner was displayed. In a word, there was an absence of all enthusiasm. Yesterday a simple Deputation came to thank Ireland in the name of France. What a difference between their reception and that of him who came with all the *éclat* of royalty ! How can one avoid comparing these two events ? All the wealth of England could not purchase for him such an ovation.”

I have been anxious to reproduce this article in order to show, in the first place, the more than regal character of the reception given spontaneously by the inhabitants of Cork to the French.

However, we found ourselves in Blarney.

The Cork Corporation sent open carriages for its guests ; add to these private carriages and then imagine the long line of vehicles which streamed along the road.

I caught sight of the old Castle of Blarney, the ancient property of the famous house of MacCarthy. Behind these old walls the little lake of Blarney, encased in green meadows, shone beneath the rays of the sun like a mirror of polished silver. The road which we followed was a charming one, and the cascade and the lake produced a lovely effect. The sky was an Italian blue ; the wind no longer blew with furious gusts.

I had been put into the carriage of Mr. MacCarthy, one of the Cork magistrates, and this carriage was drawn by magnificent horses, which bounded forward at each cheer. How then would they behave, thought I, in the midst of a multitude in Cork ? After a very rapid down-hill drive, we crossed a beautiful bridge over the River Lee, the mouth of which is in Cork, and from that on we followed a level road.

Spectators began to flock out. They came to meet us from the town so as to have more freedom in looking at the French. One of the gentlemen in our carriage, a former Mayor of Cork, pointed out to me a large building, beautifully situated, which is the lunatic asylum. But the crowd began to increase—we caught sight of Cork—and now we were about to enter the city, or at least the suburbs of the city. On all sides banners of the corporate bodies were floating in the wind—St. Crispin, St. Finbar, St. Mary, St. Denis, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Luke, St. Patrick, were

waving in the air, in celebration of the event. Men in ranks of six deep gave resounding cheers on our arrival.

The procession started. In the first carriage were the Mace-Bearers of the city with their maces and their inevitable cross-handled swords. Then the banners of the Holy Virgin and the Saints. In the second carriage, M. de Flavigny, his two daughters and the Mayor. They were followed by other vehicles. Behind these came the corporate bodies, extending over a vast distance. The crowd became so thick that the horses could only proceed at a walk. As I said some time ago, I am at my wit's end, always saying the same things and being obliged always to use the same expressions, but, to speak candidly, I feel I am not clever enough to avoid this defect. The enthusiasm was enormous. From every house floated Tricolour flags side by side with their brethren the green flags. A large number of the houses were adorned with foliage from top to bottom. It was a curious thing to see this human ant-hill, covered with green, yellow, blue, white and red ribbons, swaying about, shoving and rushing up to the carriages of the French. Men, women and children all carrying branches of trees, and this moving forest, like that of Macbeth, produced an effect as beautiful as it was picturesque.

In front of the Queen's College, M. O'Neill de Tyrone was cheered vociferously. There was no doubt about it that the Queen of England had better look after herself. M. O'Neill was a formidable rival.

Shouts of "Long live the French Republic!" resounded on all sides. You can hardly form an idea of the groans that one heard every time the name of Bismarck or of Prussia was uttered. This crowd which cheered so well was just as well able to hiss. What struck me in these demonstrations in our honour since our arrival in Ireland was the mingling of the wealthy classes and the poor. Everybody, men in rags, and men well dressed, traders, &c., all stood welded together in a dense crowd in the middle of the street, and were unanimous in giving the French a splendid reception.

It was a quarter past twelve. We were now really about to enter the city. The windows were literally crammed with ladies waving their handkerchiefs and Tricolour ribbons and shouting "Long live France!" It was a mad scene. The steps of the Courthouse were transformed into living steps. These good inhabitants of Cork gave themselves up to a veritable debauchery of applause. How happy these noble people were to be able to testify their sympathy for France! "Long live France!" "God save France!" "France for ever and for ever!"

We proceeded down South Main Street. The enthusiasm increased, so to speak, every moment. Ladies never wearied of waving their handkerchiefs. I feasted my eyes without ceremony on these pretty heads of the Irish women, who smiled, showing all their beautiful white teeth, at their French visitors. What beautiful types! What sweetness! What velvet eyes and what fair

complexions. Let us speak no more about them. . . .

We crossed the river and proceeded along the Quay. In front of the Dominican Church the cheers increased. We passed the river again in front of the port, where the vessels were decorated with flags of every colour. We saluted the statue of Father Mathew, the founder of the temperance society. The carriages proceeded into Patrick Street, where the spectators formed an extraordinarily expectant throng. Flags were stretched across the street, and in front of the Royal Victoria Hotel a fresh ovation awaited M. de Flavigny.

It was in vain that I looked around—I could not see a single policeman. We left Patrick Street for Great Street. Everywhere and unceasingly we heard the same cheers. How could these men and women escape being crushed by the carriages? They threw themselves against the horses and pressed against the wheels.

We proceeded along the South Mall, where our hotel was situated. There it was that the crowd was densest.

I noticed curious houses all along the street. One would think that they were Moorish houses. There were arches with intersected circles, supported by marble columns with sunk capitals, and projecting balconies with blinds of red or blue to keep out the sun or rain. In a word, the architecture of these houses was extremely rich and very original.

It was one o'clock when we reached the Imperial Hotel, in the midst of a tempest of cheers.

The Mayor and the Municipal Councillors—that is to say the officials corresponding to our Municipal Councillors, in red robes and with gold chains—their State costume—had met together in the big drawingroom of the hotel, and they presented M. de Flavigny with an address in which they thanked him, as well as those who accompanied him, for having accepted the invitation of the City of Cork; and they testified to the sympathy of Ireland for France, assuring us that our country would regain its rank before long and be saluted as the champion of civilisation and of progress. The address ended thus—“We offer you hospitality. We wish to make your stay here as pleasant as possible, and we regret that your engagements prevent us from keeping you a long while amongst us.”

Our President replied in excellent English, as ever, and with a wonderful facility of elocution:—

“**MY LORD MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN, MEMBERS  
OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CORK.**

“The address that you have been kind enough to present me with, expresses, in the most eloquent terms, those feelings which, for many centuries, have united Ireland to France. (Hear, hear.) There is something mysterious, there is something extraordinarily sympathetic, in the affection that these two nations have for one another. It is something stronger than family sentiment, stronger than the relations which exist between Kings and Governments. (Hear, hear.) The

one man who is really capable of expressing to you these feelings is Marshal MacMahon. But he is not here, and he deeply regrets not having been able to come with us. This glorious soldier has not been the least gift of Ireland to France ! He has rendered to us incalculable services in our sad reverses. He has been the saviour of our society and the preserver of our security. (Hear, hear.) He is a great man, and we all know he is Irish. As he has not been able to accompany us we have brought with us other Frenchmen of Irish origin. Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, who bears a name which is loved and respected in this country, and another of our friends, the Duke de Feltre, whose grandfather was an Irishman who came to our country and became a Marshal of France.

“ Now, gentlemen, allow me to speak to you of the services which your nation has recently bestowed on us, a thing which I cannot do without great emotion. (Hear, hear.) A certain number of Irishmen took their places amongst our troops and behaved like heroes. There was Captain Leader, who, at the battle of Orleans, stood at the head of his company and kept firing on the Germans until his cartridges were completely exhausted. (Applause.) After which, looking proudly around him, and no doubt recalling Fontenoy, he saluted the army of the foe, saluted the French army, and retired quite quietly. (Applause). Some Irishmen have been decorated for their eminent services, others will be decorated also. (Hear, hear.) The City of Cork was the first to present money and provisions to our Society, and

Ireland also sent an excellent Ambulance to take care of our poor wounded. There were Dr. Baxter and Dr. Maguire, two distinguished surgeons of this country. This Ambulance was constantly supplied with all necessaries from Ireland, and when other nations neglected or abandoned us, Ireland came to our aid by every means in her power, whilst always observing the laws of neutrality. We are here to express to her our gratitude, and we are receiving a royal welcome. It will be a great consolation for us to bear back to our countrymen the sentiments of regard and of sympathy of which we have been the objects.” (Cheers and prolonged hurrahs.)

I wish to mention here the short address from the trades of Cork. In it you will see the heart of these brave Irish workmen, uncankered by foolish pride like that of the debauched, ignorant, and ridiculous majority of our workmen in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, &c.

“On the part of the Corporations and People of Cork—

“To the Count de Flavigny, the President of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded, and to the distinguished persons who accompany him :—

“Children of chivalrous France—

“The noble Count de Flavigny has given perfect expression to our feelings in representing France and Ireland as two sisters. Every action owes its origin to something. We are proud to declare that if we have acted as we have done, it

was with the object of drawing closer the bonds of friendship which have existed up to the present between the two countries. The deep and cordial sympathy of Ireland for France has, unfortunately, been able to display itself but feebly—because we could not do more. Why has Ireland not been allowed to join herself to your brave soldiers to repulse a pitiless foe? In the hope that generous France will believe in our good intentions, we wish long life to the French Republic!"

This is truly a style unknown to our French socialists. *Père Duchêne* is much more to their liking, in regard to purity of language and nobility of expression. What a pity! . . .

The Lord Mayor then announced to us that a deputation from the Town Commissioners of Youghal requested permission to present an address. The deputation was introduced and presented to our President, who shook hands warmly with each of its members. Mr. C. Ronayne read the address, to which M. de Flavigny replied by saying that he greatly regretted not having the time to visit Youghal, one of the most ancient towns in Ireland, because he would have been happy to thank all those who had shown so much goodwill towards the French Nation.

The deputation then retired, and Mr. John Martin,\* at the request of the people, showed himself at the window and made a speech, which

\* I was wrong not to have told you already that Mr. John Martin was a Protestant highly esteemed for his character by the Catholic Clergy.

was received with great applause, in which he said that France had always been the friend of Ireland, and that the French were the people who loved Ireland most, and who had the greatest right to love her. He then congratulated the inhabitants of Cork on the admirable reception which they had given to the Deputation, and pledged them not to give way to any disorder, not only for the sake of the honour of Ireland, but also for the sake of their guests. He implored them not in any way to disturb this day, which would mark an epoch in history, and he told them that he hoped that Ireland would soon become mistress of herself, and might then act as a nation having her own revenues and being able to dispose of her army and her navy as she pleased.

At two o'clock, carriages took the French visitors by the Custom House Quay to the steam-boat *The City of Cork*, where a large company was awaiting them, and on which lunch had been prepared. The vessel started. Along the quays every ship was decorated. Everywhere arose cries of welcome. We passed Blackrock, a pretty little castle, built at the extremity of a tongue of land. A flag was floating on the turret and saluted us graciously. The banks at the mouth of the Lee were crowded with sympathetic, kind people, eager to see us and waving handkerchiefs and flags.

All this part of the river is magnificent. It extends like the Thames, but the view is far finer. Our boat passed close to *The Defence* and *The Lord Warden*, who dipped their ensigns to us. These are two fine armoured ships. We

also saw the Flag Ship, *The Mersey*. Further away lay Spike Island, where convicts are confined.

We landed for a moment at Queenstown, the famous town from which the emigrants for America bid farewell to their native land. The entire population had collected on the quays and cheered the French. Rows of heads were shaking like ears of corn under the pressure of a capricious breeze: I saw people perched even on the scaffolding of the Catholic Cathedral which was in course of construction.

The boat proceeded on its way and passed near *The Prince Consort* and a crowd of other boats—*The Caledonia*, *The Hercules*, the Turret Ship *The Warrior*, and *The Monarch*—which lowered and raised their ensigns.

We paid a visit to *The Northumberland*, which is the largest ship in the world, that is to say, in the world as known to us—for an intelligent expedition to the North Pole might perhaps have revealed further marvels to us. *The Great Eastern*, alone, has a greater tonnage than that of this king of battleships. The captain, Mr. Gibson, did the honours of his ship with much kindness, and showed us round every part of this armoured giant. The guns are of steel—the rifles of the crew on the Snider principle—and the captain has an armoured tower for protection. Mr. Gibson carried his kindness so far as to give a display of gunnery before Mme. de la Panouse and Mme. de Pitray.

During this visit the band never ceased playing on the deck of *The Northumberland*, and steam-boats, laden with sightseers, shouting with joy,

crowded around us. All these ships had a band which played *Patrick's Day*, the *Marseillaise*, *God Save Ireland*, &c., &c.

We had reached the extremity of the Bay of Cork, and the open sea stretched before us between two points of land crowned with the forts *Carlisle* and *Camden*. The sun silvered every cloud at the end of the bay. The masts of the big ships stood out in black against the silvery sky, and the green banks rose gently from a sea of bronze. It was a superb sight. At last our boat took shelter in the little creek of Ashgrove and the banquet began.

The table had been set on the deck. It groaned beneath the choicest viands. The wines of France and Spain dyed red and gold the glasses, which assumed the rich colours of rubies and topazes. An excellent band discoursed national melodies.

At dessert, an ecclesiastic, who I have no doubt was a bishop, and who was seated at my side, said grace, and numerous toasts were drunk. A Member of Parliament, Mr. Murphy,—not the gentleman who was to receive us next day, but his namesake, whom people reproached with his recent conciliatory attitude towards England—wished to make a speech in reply to the toast of the Queen. He succeeded in achieving a complete failure, and for the first time I saw a speaker compelled to sit down by the murmurs and the interruptions of his audience.

The Mayor, M. de Flavigny, Mr. John Martin, and Mr. Sullivan, also made speeches.

A celebrated orator, who was implored to speak in his turn, made some difficulties at first, but

overcome by the pressing requests of all present, he got on his feet and gravely uttered these words :—

“ LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“ You seem to desire keenly that I should make an interesting speech. I am myself obsessed with the same wish. Unfortunately, it is not every day that one receives Frenchmen at one’s table, and this has caused me such rejoicing, and it has given me so much pleasure to shake hands with them, that I have celebrated this happy evening by libations, not too copious it is true, but, I admit, by libations which are somewhat serious. I, therefore, ask your permission to preserve a prudent silence, because my tongue at the present moment can only pronounce, without fear of going wrong, these words—‘Long live France !’ ‘Long live Ireland !’ ”

This witty impromptu, which was perfectly in place, was received with laughter and unanimous cheers.

At eight o’clock the boat proceeded towards Cork, where a vast crowd was waiting for the Deputation. Some hundreds of men, carrying torches, kept back with difficulty the seething crowd which crushed against our carriages, and we were accompanied by the sound of music as far as the Imperial Hotel.

There were loud cries, however, from the crowd for speeches, and we appeared at the window. It was a strange and imposing sight. The people filled the street, swaying and cheering, and the

torches were sparkling and lighting up with their fiery gleams these thousands of heads.

Our President uttered a few words of thanks. Frantic applause ! Mr. John Martin made a little speech in regard to the political situation, and retired amid cries of "Long live the French Republic ! " "God Save Ireland ! "

The Duke de Feltre and M. O'Neill de Tyrone, called upon by the people, also addressed them with some energetic and patriotic words which brought forth a tempest of cheers.

Next, Mr. Sullivan, after having thanked the inhabitants of Cork for the noble reception which they had given to the French Deputation, asked them to return in good order. His advice was followed, for during the whole of that night the streets remained quiet, and not a word was uttered of such a kind as to disturb the public peace.

It was thus that, to use the expression of an Irish journal, the greatest demonstration of which Cork had ever been the scene, came to an end.

The French visitors had retired, for it is fatiguing to be the recipients of cheers, and I do not understand how there can exist people who take so much trouble and commit so many crimes in order to pass their lives saluting to right and left.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FROM CORK TO GLENGARIFF.

25TH AUGUST.

ON Wednesday morning we said goodbye to the City of Cork. The station was decorated with flags, and branches of laurel adorned the walls of the waiting-room and the railway carriages. At our departure a salute of twenty-one guns was given, and our train moved off amidst a storm of cheers. We caught sight of the old Castle of Ballincollig, and many other ruins of the same kind, and finally we arrived at Macroom.

The Parish Priest was there, followed by all his parishioners uttering shouts of joy. After the inevitable address, we were taken to the Castle, passing through the streets of the village under triumphal arches of verdure. The Castle is a very remarkable one. It is very well preserved, its old square towers, covered with ivy, and its embattled walls, produce a charming effect, and it was a matter of regret that we had not time to examine it in detail, but our carriages were ready to carry us to the sources of the River Lee.

The country all along the route was beautiful. Herds of cattle were standing in the water of the river up to their knees, resembling tribes of bison and American buffalo. At Inchigeelagh we were greeted with the same flags, the same triumphal

arches, and the same enthusiasm amongst the inhabitants.

The beautiful lake of Inchigeelagh next came in sight, situated in the midst of rocks and mountains. The country people, carrying green branches, rushed to meet the French Deputation and bid it welcome. Old women cried with joy at having been able to see them and greet them. Some people will say I am exaggerating when they read this account. I am not exaggerating anything. Quite the contrary! For me this journey was something extraordinary. I never anticipated that such worship existed, and since we French are considered to be such estimable beings, we ought to make ourselves worthy of the high opinion which the people hold of our qualities.

Mr. Murphy, of Bantry, had luncheon prepared for us in a wild spot, far away from every human habitation, at the sources of the River Lee, on the borders of the Lake of Gougane-Barra. A long big tent had been erected near this Lake, and dishes of the most appetising viands loaded the table. Before lunch we were shown the Oratory of St. Finbar.

St. Finbar had retired from the world to this deserted spot, and we were shown grottoes or chapels built, according to some people, by the Saint himself, and, according to others, by the hermits who succeeded him. From all parts of Ireland the faithful come as pilgrims to these venerated grottoes.

Mr. Murphy lives six leagues from Gougane-Barra; but knowing that we were passing near

the Lake, he brought up wines, dishes, table service and all that was necessary, and gave us a very fine lunch.

Young Mr. Murphy proposed a toast to his guests ; this was followed by many others, according to the Irish custom. At six o'clock we took leave of our kind hosts and proceeded to Glengariff, passing through a terrifying defile and keeping along by the sea on our left. We went right round the famous Bantry Bay, where the wind raised waves of foam.

This country is strangely rugged. One sees nothing but bare mountains with grey rocks and tawny heather, and distant brawling mountain torrents whiten their banks with their sparkling foam. The general appearance of the country tends to sadness and resolutions of despair, and the inhabitants of this part are considered the most formidable in the whole of Ireland. Even up to this present time England keeps an important garrison to restrain them, for ever since the attempted raid of Hoche the peasantry still eagerly await the landing of the French.

Towards the middle of the year 1796, the Directory, which had just concluded an alliance with Spain, endeavoured to throw the most terrible difficulties in the way of its implacable enemy, Pitt. After the pacification of La Vendée and Brittany, General Hoche had under his control an army of one hundred thousand men spread along the coast, and the greatest desire that this young hero cherished was to increase still more the glory of his successes at Wissenbourg and Landau. For a long time he had been contem-

plating a landing in Ireland and he imparted his ideas to the Directory. The time was perfectly chosen. The Irish were more oppressed than ever and were only awaiting the signal to revolt. The finances of England were in a deplorable state, and the intended expedition might have had incalculable consequences. The Directory approved of the project, and it was strongly supported by Truguet, the Minister of Marine. A squadron was got together and equipped at Brest. Here Hoche collected his very best troops and England was then in a state of alarm, for she well foresaw the blow that was aimed at her.

At the end of 1796 England's fears were about to be realised. Pitt, however, was on the watch. He had raised the Militia, armed the coast-line, and had given orders to abandon the interior of the country as soon as ever the French landed.

The supporters of Parliamentary Reform and the Catholics, who formed the majority of Ireland, were ready to rise at the first signal. They would willingly have adopted a Republican Government supported by France, and their agents in Paris were actively promoting this business. The expedition, therefore, was intended to strike England at her very heart, and to compel her to offer a peace quite different from that which she proposed to offer.

Hoche, who had spent two years of his youth in fighting against his countrymen in La Vendée and Brittany, was burning with the desire to crush the real enemies of his country on a large and glorious field of battle. Bonaparte and Moreau were seizing Italy and Germany, and were

smashing the power of Austria. Hoche was to crush an enemy no less terrible, and perhaps more dangerous—old and surly England ; and the Irish Republic was to rise powerful and disdainful and face the declining English aristocracy.

At that moment of our history, in the midst of the victories won in Germany and in Italy, and after the revolution of political principles, everyone dreamed of the greatest and most beautiful things. Hoche and Truguet, linked together by the closest friendship, wished to extend and enlarge the French navy. The offensive and defensive Alliance with Spain had added a new fleet to our squadrons, and both navies combined could attempt a decisive battle, and with one blow deliver the seas from the odious domination of England.

But Admiral Truguet had also his eyes fixed on India, where Tippoo Sahib was waging a pitiless war against the English. The Admiral wished, therefore, that the squadrons from Toulon and Brest, and the one which had just come back from America under the command of Richéry, should join the Spanish Fleet in the Channel. This great naval array was to land Hoche in Ireland, and then leaving for India, with a portion of the troops, was to go to the assistance of Tippoo Sahib and overthrow the power of “Perfidious Albion” in the country of jungles and tigers.

This combination was defective in so far as it delayed the expedition, for it was necessary to wait until the four squadrons had come together, and, besides, it carried away a very large force

from the army intended to be landed in Ireland and left it exposed, in the event of failure, to the most terrible dangers. This expedition did not take place, and all that was done was to complete the equipment of the Brest squadron. That squadron was ready to set sail in December. It comprised fifteen battleships, twenty frigates, six lighters and fifty transports. There were probably twenty-two thousand men on board. As Hoche did not get on well with Admiral Villaret-Joyeuse, the latter was replaced by Morand de Galles.

The landing was arranged to take place in Bantry Bay. Sealed orders were given to the captain of every ship, containing the route he was to take, and the anchorage he was to choose in case of accident.

On the 16th December, the fleet set sail and left the coast of Brittany. Hoche and Morand de Galles were on the same frigate. Thanks to a thick fog, the French squadron succeeded in evading numerous cruisers of the enemy, but the night of the 17th to the 18th was dreadful, and a terrible storm scattered the fleet. One vessel sank. Vice-Admiral Bouvet manœuvred to get the squadron together again, and at the end of two days he succeeded in collecting all the fleet with the exception of the vessel that had gone down and three frigates. By some terrible and unhappy fate, amongst these frigates was that with General Hoche and Admiral Morand de Galles on board. The winds had saved England ! As a matter of fact the squadron sailed towards Cape Clear, and kept manœuvring about for

several days in sight of the Cape, so as to give these two Commanders time to join them. It was only on the 24th December that the fleet entered Bantry Bay. Meanwhile, a Council of War resolved to land, but bad weather again delayed this operation, and even drove the fleet away from the coasts of Ireland. Vice-Admiral Bouvet, terrified by so many obstacles, fearing to run out of provisions and separated from his commanders, decided to make his way back to France.

Hoche and Morand de Galles arrived at last in Bantry Bay and there learned, with despair, of the return of the French squadron battered by the storm. They returned in spite of unheard-of perils. Beaten by the sea, pursued by the English, their unfortunate ship nevertheless escaped all these dangers. The vessel *Les Droits de l'Homme*, of which La Crosse was the Captain, got separated from the fleet but gained immortal fame. She was attacked by two English ships, more powerful than herself, but sank one of them and escaped from the other. Shattered, however, with her masts and sails gone, and making water everywhere, she fell a victim to the violence of the sea. Part of her crew was drowned and the remainder was saved with great difficulty.

Thus ended this expedition, which caused England so much alarm, and which showed her vulnerable spot.\*

The memory of this attempted landing of the French is still fresh in the minds of the Irish. What would have happened if the winds and

\* Thiers, *Histoire de la Révolution française*.

deplorable delays had not prevented this young and skilful Republican General from landing at Bantry, in the very centre of this formidable country, and in the midst of these sturdy men and deadly enemies of England? . . .

A new surprise awaited us in the neighbourhood of Bantry Bay. The day was gradually drawing to its close and the shadows, which first enveloped the valleys, were just beginning to cover the mountains themselves. Suddenly these mountains lit up in fantastic manner. Bon-fires pierced the darkness and burned on all sides, like so many millions of glittering beacons. I cannot describe the effect produced on us by this sudden illumination. Apart from the beauty of the spectacle, the delicacy of this attention moved us profoundly. Under the trees it was so dark that local guides were obliged to lead all the horses, which advanced feeling their way.

At Glengariff a tasty dinner was awaiting us at the hotel. Mr. John Cullinane, of Bantry, offered us this princely hospitality, and would accept no refusal.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### FROM GLENGARIFF TO KILLARNEY.

24TH AUGUST.

IT rained in torrents the whole night long, and the meadows, which sloped down to the sea, were transformed into furious waterfalls. At ten o'clock the downpour ceased, and we took our seats in the carriages. The route was superb, the trees magnificent, and the gardens of the country-houses were of exceptional beauty. We skirted Bantry Bay, which is, perhaps, more beautiful than the bays of the Mediterranean, charming though they be. Islands and mountains stand forth out of this beautiful green-tinted sheet of water, with its fleecy waves and pleasure-boats, which rock about gracefully with their long red streamers at the masthead. The road crossed unruly torrents which caused a terrible din as they dashed against the rocks ! We climbed on foot up a steep incline. The wind was blowing strong enough even to purify a Prussian ; one could hardly keep one's hat on one's head, and one's breath was, so to speak, cut off almost by this furious head-wind.

I had just been having a very long political conversation with Mr. John Martin. Naturally fenianism was the sole topic. "Fenianism does not exist any longer," said he to me, 'since



JOHN MARTIN



Ireland has made up her mind to recover her rights by constitutional means." "That is all very well," said I, "but just imagine Alsace and Lorraine claiming their rights from Lord Bismarck by constitutional means: that gloomy individual would turn his back on them, and their constitutional appeal would be so protracted as to reduce them to despair." "Our country is not like Germany," said he. "Thank God! we enjoy more liberty."

I made no effort to prolong this discussion. So much the better—a thousand times so much the better—if Irish hopes are not frustrated. But I must say that on the day they are realised I shall be agreeably surprised!

As I said before, the wind had become so strong that all conversation became impossible. We had reached the summit of a mountain where the road crossed under a long tunnel, like those on the road from Saint Gervais to Chamouny, and when we emerged from this a strange and beautiful valley unfolded itself before our eyes.

The Municipality of Kenmare had invited the Deputation to luncheon. This little town is charmingly situated at the mouth of the river which bears the same name. The white church-steeple rises gracefully into the azure sky sprinkled with fleecy clouds. We crossed a beautiful suspension bridge over a real branch of the sea. At this moment the storm increased in violence and the spray of the waves struck us in our faces. The horses' manes were blowing about like the folds of a flag, and the wind whistled and howled against the brakes, which staggered under such a

furious pressure. We thought that we were about to be hurled into the midst of the tossing waves. No ! The parasol of Mme. de la Panouse, however, takes leave of its owner and with the speed of an arrow is torn from the hands of the Viscountess by the violence of the gusts ; it whirls itself fantastically for some minutes in space, rises, drops, rises again abruptly, like a kite without a tail, and suddenly falls, to disappear for ever beneath the pitiless waves.

Having crossed this dangerous passage, we entered Kenmare. The inhabitants gave us a charming reception and did not appear to suspect the awful peril from which we had just escaped.

As you may have expected, banners, garlands of foliage and mottoes awaited us. The Mayor presented M. de Flavigny with an address, the beautiful illumination of which was much admired by everyone.

After luncheon we were taken to see the Church and the Convent School. This establishment, a very important one, is very well kept. There was a cluster of little girls from two to six years old, sweet and fresh like little angels, who sang in a very amusing way while clapping their hands.

On the next floor, a complete surprise was in store for us. There the big girls, about eighty in number, awaited us. A choir of these young girls sang the *Marseillaise*, the music of which had, by a most delicate attention, been specially got from London by the kind nuns, and which they had only taught the girls the night before. Just fancy the *Marseillaise* in a Nun's school ! Every moment we witnessed the toleration of the

Irish Catholic clergy, and we could perfectly realise the immense influence which the clergy has on men who can only be retained by them through the powers of persuasion. The most ardent of our Abbés should take a short trip to Ireland ; there they would learn the art of persuasion. There is nothing of Pascal there.

After leaving Kenmare the country became wilder and wilder. We saw but few cabins, and those that we saw were more like the dens of wild beasts than the abodes of civilised human beings. Goats alone could graze on the heather of these rocky mountains, seared with mountain torrents and waterfalls, without a tree or a fir even !

But the view changed, and we beheld the beautiful Lakes of Killarney sparkling in the rosy light of the setting sun. The vegetation became almost tropical in its vigour and profusion. Gigantic oaks, lofty ferns, hollies that had seen a hundred years, with their deep green foliage, mingling together in superb disorder. From time to time we got a glimpse through the trees of the Lakes themselves.

About twenty men on horseback came to meet the French and to welcome us. They were the first to set out, and we soon met the inhabitants of Killarney, who advanced to receive the French with banners at their head. The band played National airs, and there were thundering cries of “Long live France !” “Long live the Republic !” “Long live MacMahon !”

The usual address was read by Mr. O'Donoghue, Member of Parliament. The reply of M. de Flavigny was greeted with fresh cheers.

Mr. O'Donoghue, it appears, is somewhat of the same type as Mr. Murphy, who got himself so persistently interrupted at the Banquet in Cork. After having been the idol of Ireland, who crowned him with favours, he was now, they said, looking for office from the Ministers of Queen Victoria. *Inde irae*, and I understand how bitterness enters the souls of the Irish.

We made our way towards the Lake Hotel. Blue flames lighted up the foliage in a fairy-like manner—coloured glasses were sparkling in all the windows—Roman candles burst in the air—triumphal arches, brilliantly illuminated, were erected in front of the hotel. It was a magic scene.

A large party awaited us at the hotel. All the ladies and gentlemen wore Tricolour rosettes. The housemaids and the servants in the hotel had large Tricolour ribbons on their shoulders. The entrance and the corridors were draped with French flags.

A magnificent dinner brought the day to a close.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### KILLARNEY.

25TH AUGUST.

ON Friday the weather was splendid. When I awoke I saw the mountains gilded by the rays of the morning sun. The Lake shone like a mirror and sparkled under the windows of the hotel—the day ushered itself in well. I got up quietly, leaving my bedroom companion, M. Cochin, to sleep the sleep of his twenty years of age, whilst I went for a stroll near the Lake. The view was delightful and I breathed in with pleasure the pure air—I adhere to the expression, the pure air of this sparkling morning.

A gentleman came up to me and greeted me very politely. He told me his name was MacCaven, that he was a magistrate at Killarney, and that he would be very much honoured to have a little conversation with me. He seemed a refined gentleman, so I immediately accepted his offer, and we chatted for about an hour. The thing that appeared to concern him most was the reason why France had been defeated in 1870. The Irish were never tired of this subject of conversation ; it was a thought which occupied their minds far more than it did ours even. I told him, as well as I could, the causes of our defeat.

Right or wrong, said I to him, I have never believed in the disappearance of war. The few illusions that I ever cherished on that subject

very soon vanished when I saw the cart-loads of unhappy wretches torn and mutilated by the shells. The International Society for the Relief of the Wounded will diminish the horrors of war, but I do not now believe that it can ever bring about its complete disappearance. It is a sad and a fatal law to which we must bow. On the day when nations shall cease to wage war on one another, war will be waged between fellow-countrymen, between fellow-citizens, between relations. Being fully persuaded of the truth of this argument, I have always taken the greatest interest in military matters, since the year 1866, especially. It became a craze of mine, for one should have been blind not to see, and not to predict with confidence, that France and Prussia would meet on the battlefield. The Prussians had, at all events, no doubts about it, and I recall conversations which I had in Germany on this subject, not only with the military but even with civilians. Moreover, one knows the preparations they made, whilst the Parisians and the Opposition gave vent to beautiful discourses on International peace, and chattered like guinea-fowl when the Chamber was asked for funds to manufacture four rifles, to erect five yards of fortifications, or to put clothes on the backs of twelve of the *Gardes Mobiles* of the Department of Cher.

There was not a single honest citizen whose mind was not absolutely set on converting the cannons into rails, and giving back to agriculture the men who remained idling in the barracks. Commerce ! Industry ! Public Instruction ! They could talk of nothing else, and did not see that if

commerce is a beautiful thing, it is only so if it can be carried on in safety. Without police, how could you really enjoy your riches ? No, for robbers would come in a band and rifle you of everything you had. Ah, well ! a nation is an individual and the army is a policeman who protects the nation against a marauding people, armed to the teeth, who despoil wealthy and defenceless people. If you have no policemen, you have no honest rich ; you have only the robbers and the robbed. If you have no armies, you have no nations which prosper by work ; you have only the oppressors and the oppressed.

M. Garnier-Pagès, after he returned from Germany, where he had been befooled, made a speech before the legislative body in which the poor fool upheld the pacific sentiments of Bismarck. M. Jules Favre hurled at Marshal Niel beautiful platitudes like this :—“ You are wasting your millions by throwing them into the ditches of your fortifications, and you only give a hundred thousand francs for public instruction.” M. Ernest Picard came to jeer at the Army and M. Jules Ferry to weep over abandoned schoolmasters. These schoolmasters are far away now ! What is left ? Four thousand millions of francs to pay, and a certain quantity of ruins !

There is no one more eager than I am to spread instruction, but I put military expenditure before everything else. For, before all, one must live, and live in freedom.

Several Germans had confessed to me that they wished to annex Alsace and Lorraine. When I repeated their assertion in Paris people laughed in

my face. Never, said they, would the Prussians dare to enter France, and if they did, so much the better, for we would rise like one man and not one of them would leave our country alive—remember '92!

Still “'92” was very far from convincing me, and I had no more belief in rising like one man than I had in the patriotism of the inhabitants of La Villette. However, I thought it better to hold my tongue, and I simply made my way to Strasbourg and Metz to find out if the works of the new fortifications were making any progress.

You see, my good friend, public opinion followed the opposition, and a man could not be elected a Deputy or a Municipal Councillor without inserting in his profession of faith his intention to vote for the reduction of the Army. And this, according to M. de Bismarck, showed clearly that France wanted war.

Alone, or very nearly alone, M. Thiers mercilessly attacked the Imperial Government in regard to its follies, its absurd expenditure, its improvidence and its disloyal administration. But he took good care never to advocate the reduction of the Army. On the contrary, he always wished that it should be strong and disciplined, and he did not want to lose France for the sake of overthrowing a dynasty.

Whilst the opposition and public opinion were a prey to this pacific fever, what was the inept Government, the object of their attacks, doing? They were constructing the new opera—

“C’était bien de chansons alors qu’il s’agissait.”\*

\* As if, indeed, it were a question of songs.

M. Devienne was endeavouring to restore peace in the Imperial household whose inheritor was holding reviews in the Bois de Boulogne, awaiting the time when he would pick up cannon balls at Sarrebruck.

Numerous functionaries and friends of those in power became rich in the creation of Trusts—in the Mines of Mouzaia—in Thibetan, Ottoman, Tunisian or Hottentot Loans—in Gas Loans—in Loans for any liquids or solids. The salaries were splendid and very well paid ; plurality of offices flourished ; life was pleasant for those ministers, why should they trouble themselves with military questions which would only reduce their emoluments ? The honest mass of the people, who already foresaw the Commune, allowed the Exchequer to be pillaged, for they feared to change their one-eyed horse for a horse without an eye at all, and to fall from the rule of Napoleon the Third into the Charybdis of Billioray.

Marshal Niel had succeeded in extracting from the apathy of the Emperor and the grudging Assembly, a few millions for fortifications, rifles and the *Garde Mobile* ; but everywhere he met with such difficulties that he died brokenhearted, and his place was filled by that great warrior who found means to sprinkle one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers from Metz to Belfort before an army of five hundred thousand Germans.

I am not speaking of the spirit of the French workmen, who looked upon the Army as an enemy and who, therefore, wished to see it shrink and disappear.

Shortly, my dear sir, those are the causes of our

defeat, and, if you wish me to speak candidly to you, I do not believe that we have been reformed in any way, and our beautiful Parisian orators, though at first they were rather bewildered at the happy result of their doctrines, are beginning to hold forth again to-day about peace, moral force, public instruction and other fiddle-faddle which have brought us to the state that you know ; for these grand words should never be uttered unless one has strength enough to prevent them being trampled under foot, before one's eyes, by a William of any nation.

I said goodbye to my friend, who went away in deep thought, whilst I returned to the hotel. Three open carriages, decorated with Tricolour ribbons, were standing at the door. We set out, passing through the little town of Killarney, where we were greeted by the inhabitants, who all ran forth to assure us of their friendship ; for everywhere we met with the same simple and touching demonstrations. The carriages entered the vast grounds of Lord Castlerosse, the Member of Parliament, who had come in the morning to the hotel, accompanied by Monsignor Moriarty, the Bishop of Killarney, to pay a visit to M. de Flavigny. In France we have no idea of the incredible size of these English parks. They actually contain whole lakes ! Lord Castlerosse's park is one of these, and it is magnificent in every respect. We visited the ancient mansion of Ross Castle, where you can climb to the top of the keep, from which the view extends as far as the beautiful mountains which shut in the Lakes. The keep is square, and the spiral staircase is

exactly the same as that at the Tower of Monthéry. The walls are lightly covered with ivy.

Our trip proceeded with a visit to the Abbey of Muckross. What beautiful ruins! The chapel and its cloisters, with their pointed windows, are marvellously preserved. I cannot define the impression made on one's mind as one walks along these venerable walls. I can almost see a white-haired monk under these arches, turning over the leaves of his breviary, with its red edges, from which hang many coloured ribbons. In the middle of a little courtyard surrounded by high walls, grew a yew tree of an incredible size, more than seven hundred years old. The trunk of this ancient tree—one might almost say, of this solemn tree—was fretted, notched, and moss grown, like those of the old oaks in the Forest of Fontainebleau. One stands lost in contemplation, in spite of oneself, before this relict of a byegone age, which must have seen the passing of so many priors and so many pale or portly monks, according to the period. We got into our carriages again and proceeded through the woods, with their luxuriant vegetation. At last we came to a charming little house, built on the edge of the Lake and surrounded by a forest of araucarias, irises, ferns, rhododendrons, hollies, &c. We lunched at this charming spot.

But behold!—two boats reached the shore. Each of them was manned by four men dressed in white, and having Tricolour rosettes and ribbons on their shoulders. The French flag waved at the stern of these pretty boats. We got on board

and proceeded on a most interesting trip. The boatmen rowed, singing Irish airs. The strokes of the oars marked time and everybody took up the refrain in chorus. Then some guilty person asked that someone should recite *Le Lac* by Lamartine. A cold perspiration broke out from every pore in my body, and my hair stood on end. Luckily nobody knew the entire *Sob*, and we just escaped with some detached phrases which were sobbed into our face.

I avenged myself immediately by reading out some of my own verses, and my heart being thus relieved, I was again ready to admire the beauty of our excursion.

We landed for a moment to visit O'Sullivan's Cascade, which was hidden in a dark wood softly carpeted with moss. We then got on board again and a cornet, following us in a boat, played, with many an echo, *The romance of the Rose*, from "Martha." At each phrase it stopped, and the echo reproduced it faithfully and harmoniously. We next proceeded to a little island where the ruins of the ancient Monastery of Innisfallen are situated. The doorways have their arches adorned with teeth in the Roman style, like the portal of the Church of Étretat, which dates from the first centuries of the Christian era. I remarked in this island hawthorns and hollies of wonderful growth. There were some of them which were as large as the chestnut trees in the Tuileries, though not so high.

On our return journey the Lake was rather rough, and those who were accustomed to be sea-sick began to frown and evince anxiety. In

fact, the waves followed one another closely, and transformed our light boats into swings and seesaws, whichever you like to call them. The boats took wild leaps, and as they dropped back on the water they threw up billows of snowy foam. However, we had no mishaps and we got back to the hotel, admiring the mountains which the setting sun lighted up with soft colours. The oarsmen, with their oars raised straight in the air, sang a last song, and we landed, delighted with this fairy-like trip.

In the evening, the moon—if you must call it by its name—showed itself in the midst of a blue-black sky and lighted up the Lake with chains of diamonds, and the mountains stood out in the foreground of the picture—the effect was magnificent.

At eleven o'clock fireworks were let off on the Lake, and Chinese lanterns lighted up, with their red and green lights, the rough waters of the Lake and the leaves of the century-old trees.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FROM KILLARNEY TO DUBLIN—DINNER WITH THE LORD MAYOR.

26TH AUGUST.

KILLARNEY is situated in the most western extremity of Europe, not very far from Valentia, where the first Trans-Atlantic cable, which united the two Continents of Europe and America, was established. We left this charming town, overwhelmed with every kind of attention. To give you an instance—our very trunks were adorned with Tricolour ribbons, which turned out afterwards to be very useful, because, by this means, we immediately recognised them among other luggage. Antonio, the servant of the Duke de Feltre, had been put in charge of our luggage. Antonio is a man of a peculiar type. Everyone gave him commissions. He was responsible to his master, to M. de Flavigny, to the ladies—he had to get the luggage brought from the train into the rooms of the sixteen members of the Deputation—he never seemed to be doing anything and, nevertheless, everything arrived punctually. How he did it was a perfect mystery.

We returned to Dublin. At the stations we found the same eagerness to greet the French as on the way down. At Kildare, the municipality had not been able to offer us an address when we

first passed it. They now wished to make up for this, and so they presented us with a very charming address, both in sentiment and in design. At five o'clock we arrived at the Dublin station, where the committee awaited us. We expected to get letters from France, for a week had passed without any having reached us, lost, as we were, in the wild mountains of Kerry.

Whilst the Irish National papers were rejoicing at the ovations we were receiving, and were filling their columns with accounts of our slightest doings, the Orange and Protestant Press covered its face with a veil, and clothed in sack-cloth and ashes, lamented the destruction of the country, because the laws had been violated, the Queen had been flouted, and so on. It refused consolation, and one met in its columns the word "spirit of evil" forty-two times, the word "scandal" one hundred and twenty-two times, the word "abomination" three hundred and ninety-eight times, "horrors" nine hundred and fifty-one times, and "all is over" nineteen hundred and fifty-four times, and so on. The great demonstration on the departure of the Deputation, which was to take place on a Sunday, gave more annoyance than anything else. How was it?—Were the police going to allow an ignorant and bawling crowd to disturb the calm of the streets and Protestant meditations on the holy day of Sunday? What?—Were public places going to resound with shrieks of laughter, with cries of joy and with cheers on a Sunday? What?—Were banners and flags to wave at the pleasure of the wind?—Was the Queen to be

insulted and hissed at?—Were her Ministers to be spurned? *Finis Britanniae!* And a compulsory tear put the finishing touch to this Anglo-religious anger.

On their part, the English papers, *The Times*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Daily News*, &c., showed anxiety over the demonstrations and betrayed their bad temper, which was shared by their Government, as I know for certain.

A few French newspapers, the names of which I shall not give, were crying out in unison with the English journals. *L'Opinion Nationale*—but stay! I have named one—*L'Opinion Nationale*, which had done so much for the unity of Italy and Germany, which was the vigorous champion of nationalities, did not admit, it appears, such a thing as Irish nationality. True, this country would be one of our allies, while Italy and Germany were our mortal enemies. But these calculations were so deep that one failed to understand them. It was the last word in the politics of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the former lord of the Palais Royal and the champion of Metz.

All this might be very distressing for England, but what did we care about that? We had been in London, we were now in Dublin; we got a better reception in Ireland, and it was impossible for us to take offence at this reception and to scowl at the people who held out their arms to receive us. If England were not beloved by Ireland, it was not our fault. Let her behave herself in such a way as to make herself beloved.

However, the character of the Deputation imposed on us a great reserve. We had to be

very polite, very amiable, but we had also to be cautious, and not allow ourselves to be carried away or won over by enthusiasm, so that we might be tempted to utter any words which might wound the Queen and the Government of Great Britain.

Well! M. de Flavigny, the chief of the Deputation, was the man of all others designed for this mission. Calm, serious, reserved, full of experience, speaking English with incredible ease, very well known in Ireland, he filled his part without failing even once; charming the Irish and never uttering a single word that could give umbrage to England.

Yes, I maintain what I have said, and I fairly and squarely defy anybody, I care not who, to show that, during the whole of this trip, of which I am going to tell you every emotion, any false step was taken, any imprudent word escaped our lips, or any act that could wound was ever committed. I am personally ready to reply to any charges against us. We may be attacked unscrupulously—I shall reply in the same vein.

Coming back to the whining of the Protestant Orange newspapers, I may as well say that we adopted the principle of not paying any attention to them. At first we were afraid that trouble might arise on the occasion of our departure, fixed for Sunday, but our fears were ill-founded, as I shall show later on when describing that memorable day.

The Order of the Foresters had been admitted to present an address to the French Deputation.

The delegates of that Order, in their uniforms, with their broad green scarfs embroidered in gold, came to the Shelbourne Hotel and expressed their love for France in warm terms.

On the 26th, the Lord Mayor's dinner at the Mansion House took place. Unfortunately, Mme. de la Panouse and Mlle. de Lavison were unwell and could not attend it, and our fair trinity of French ladies was only represented by Mme. de Pitray, who fulfilled her task in a marvellous fashion.

At 8 p.m. the French Deputation made its entry into the Mansion House, where the drawingrooms were already filled with ladies and gentlemen in full dress. Full length portraits of the Queen and of the Duke of Northumberland decorated the walls. The furniture of the place was rich, but the decorations of the mantelpiece left much to be desired.

I thought I should get lost in the midst of these hundred guests, and I was chatting quietly with the very gracious Mrs. Murphy when suddenly I heard my name spoken by the Lord Mayor. I went up to him and he gave me a little card with these words—"Miss Campbell."

In Ireland there are no cards showing the place where one is to sit at table; but some minutes before dinner the host hands the gentlemen little cards with the names of the ladies whom they are to bring down to dinner, and also hands the ladies similar cards with the names of the gentlemen who are to escort them.

So I found myself between Miss Campbell, the eldest daughter of the Lord Mayor, and another

lady who spoke French admirably. My neighbour, Miss Campbell, had on her left, M. de Flavigny, then came the wife of the Lord Mayor, the Duke de Feltre, &c. The Lord Mayor had on his right, Mme. de Pitray, Mr. John Gray, M.P., M. Rufz de Lavison, and on his left, Miss Smollen, M. O'Neill de Tyrone, Mrs. Murphy, &c.

The grand Banquet Hall of the Mansion House is all of carved oak, almost as black as ebony. Its appearance is very austere, but very beautiful. On the walls were suspended the golden Mace with the Royal Crown, the cruciform sword covered with red velvet, of which I have already spoken, and another little Mace. On the table, opposite the Lord Mayor, were three other Maces of silver, emblems of his high position. On each side there were two enormous vases, also of silver, at least a yard in height, ornamented with the City Arms and most artistically engraved.

The dinner was excellent.

When dessert came the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Queen. Whereupon one of the guests, as serious as a member of the Court of Appeal, sang "God save the Queen," and part of the people present took up certain passages of the song, in chorus. This gentleman took a fairly long time to sing his royal hymn.

The present assembly was quite different from that at the Banquet in the Exhibition Palace, for I saw not the least sign of any opposition, and everyone stood up most respectfully while the words of this political piece were being sung.

The health of M. de Flavigny was also proposed by the Lord Mayor. Our "God save the

Queen" gentleman began the *Marseillaise* (I forgot to say that a grand piano accompanied him). The final stanza was taken up by everyone present. This music at dinner had a curious effect, and this dinner presented characteristics peculiar to itself.

The President of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded made the following reply to the Lord Mayor's speech :—

"MY LORD MAYOR,

"In proposing my health to so distinguished a company, and in such flattering terms, you have conferred on me a very great honour.

"I am happy to avail myself of this last opportunity to thank Ireland once more for the noble reception which she reserved for her French guests.

"Since our arrival, the authorities, who represent here a Sovereign to whom I bear as much respect as her most loyal subjects, have honoured us by their kind attentions. You yourself, my Lord Mayor, and all the members of your Corporation, have showered on us the most zealous attentions. The towns of Kingstown, Dublin, Cork, Mallow, Killarney, and many others that we passed through, have given to us, private individuals, who are only the bearers of a simple message of gratitude, an enthusiastic reception which ambassadors and princes might envy. Everywhere along our route little children and old men, alike, cheered France.

This spontaneous pouring forth of affection from one nation to another has touched us all the more because it is foreign to politics—Nay ! far above itself and its own inspirations. It is a heritage of centuries, which has transmitted itself from generation to generation, under every form of government and in all circumstances, happy as well as unhappy.

“ It will be a great consolation for France to be thus assured, in the midst of her bitter trials, that here at least she meets with widespread and ardent sympathy.

“ Like France, Ireland, unhappily, has divisions and dissensions in herself. Time, justice, moderation and a conciliatory spirit, which enlightened men shew, will end by bringing about a most desirable understanding between all classes of both countries. In leaving Ireland, I cannot wish her, from the bottom of my heart, saturated with gratitude, a better wish than to see the realisation of that peace of which the Red Cross is one of the most persuasive emblems.

“ Believe me, my Lord, that we bear away with us memories of those happy days that we have passed amongst you which time cannot efface, and that France also will remember all that Ireland has done, and has wished to do, for her. We came here to discharge a debt—we have only contracted another debt, which we shall all endeavour to honour.”

Repeated cheers greeted this speech, which I have tried to reproduce in order to show what respect for the law and for the Sovereign was always displayed by M. de Flavigny on this

journey. I have reproduced it although, and perhaps because, I did not share in any manner his respectful views on the institutions and the government of England. As for the Queen, I did not trouble about her. But, as I have not spoken of her, I can never be reproached with insulting her. That would be too much of a good thing. A prince who reigns and does not govern, but who contents himself with pocketing his salary, should never be an object of insult ; it is for his ministers that one should reserve one's anger.

M. O'Neill de Tyrone, on the invitation of the Lord Mayor, then recited the following verses which he had translated from Davis \* :—

### LA BRIGADE IRLANDAISE.

#### LA VEILLE DE LA BATAILLE.

Réunis sous la tente, ils boivent . . . Cependant  
 Le Comte de Thomond, de leur mess président,  
 Se lève, verre en main et droit comme une lance :  
 “ Camarades, dit-il, buvons au roi de France ! ”  
 Rasades et vivats répondent à ce cri,  
 Car aux Anglais n'en déplaise,  
 Le roi Louis est chéri  
 De la Brigade irlandaise.

“ Buvons à Jacques deux ! ” On boit avec fracas.  
 “ À Georges l'électeur ! ” Et l'on rit aux éclats.  
 “ Bonne chance aux beautés que nous avons aimées  
 “ Dans le pays des lacs aux rives embaumées !  
 “ Que Dieu garde l'Irlande ! ” Ils pâlissent ; au coeur  
 Sans doute un chagrin leur pèse ;  
 On ne tremble pas de peur  
 Dans la Brigade irlandaise.

\* *The Battle Eve of the Brigade.* By Thomas Davis.



LE COMTE O'NEILL DE TYRONE



Comme il fait clair ! La lampe est éteinte pourtant ;  
Quel tapage ! Sont-ils tous ivres dans le camp ? . . .  
Aux armes ! Du combat c'est l'aube matinale ;  
Cent tambours à la fois battent la générale.  
Aussitôt de la tente ils se rendent tout droit  
A l'avant-garde française ;  
C'est là sa place de droit  
À là Brigade irlandaise.

De ces preux, francs-buveurs, pas un n'a survécu,  
Tous ont été tués ; qu'importe ! Ils ont vaincu.  
D'autres ont, après eux, combattu pour la France,  
Jamais ils n'ont revu leur terre d'espérance.  
De Dunkerque à Belgrade, en tous lieux de combats  
Il n'est plaine ni falaise,  
Où ne gisent des soldats  
De la Brigade irlandaise.

These verses, so suitable to the occasion, were recited by their author with warmth and fervour, and were received with unanimous applause. The beautiful translation of the poem had a great effect. Then Mr. John Gray made a speech which was listened to with deep attention.

At midnight we took our leave of the Lord Mayor, after having thanked him a thousand times for his gracious hospitality.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### MASS AT THE JESUITS' CHURCH—DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH DEPUTATION.

27TH AUGUST.

ON Sunday, the 27th August, the French, together with the most prominent persons in the city, left the Shelbourne Hotel in open carriages, preceded by postillions in knee breeches, and went to hear Mass at the Church of St. Francis Xavier. This church belongs to the Jesuits. There was a dense crowd cheering the French as they passed through the streets, and the most sympathetic cries welcomed, as usual, the guests of Ireland.

The church was full—full to overflowing. About fifty men in violet robes with scarlet hoods, and bearing staves to which ribbons were attached with the French and Irish national colours, kept order in the street and in the interior of the church.

Mass was sung in a most imposing manner, and the Reverend Father Bannon delivered a splendid sermon, the purport of which was somewhat as follows:—"France will very soon become again the sister and the protectress of all oppressed nations, she will become again the Queen of Civilisation, if she has the courage to look into her own soul and to be her real self, and to devote herself to serious matters and not to ridiculous personages

of little value, like Ferré and Rochefort and others." This address to France was one of entrancing eloquence, and one could see the congregation weeping as they listened to the touching words.

At 2 o'clock a sumptuous repast was served in the diningroom of the Shelbourne Hotel, and I must congratulate Mr. Goodman for the magnificent arrangements of his service.

For many days great preparations for our departure had been made. The railway companies had given tickets at reduced fares, and from all parts of Ireland the friends of France swarmed to Dublin. The trades bodies had expended between six hundred and a thousand francs on banners and ribbons—the choicest decorations had been prepared, and the richest costumes had been made for the occasion.

The Government had decided that the police would not put in an appearance, for they feared lest some regrettable outbreaks might take place.

I did not believe that the scenes on our arrivals in Dublin and in Cork could be surpassed, but, nevertheless, on this day I was present at a demonstration which baffled description even more. I shall endeavour for all that to give some idea of it.

At 2 p.m. the different trades unions, bands, carriages, and people on foot, marched past the Shelbourne Hotel. A dense crowd collected in the broad street where this hotel is situated, and gave frantic cheers for us. The people called for the French, and insisted on seeing the French. M. de Flavigny, M. O'Neill de Tyrone and

M. de Feltre spoke to them from the balcony. They were received with thundering applause.

The procession at last started. The bands, more than fifty or sixty in number, were scattered throughout the procession, which was more than three miles long. Nothing exceeded the picturesqueness of these immense banners, representing the Saints of Paradise, which are the emblems of the trades unions. Nothing so strange as all these men, wearing green scarfs fringed with gold, and carrying on their heads a band of green paper with these words in gilt letters—"Long live France!" "Erin go Bragh!"

Everywhere one saw the French flag, and everywhere ladies at the windows and in carriages. Tricolour rosettes were to be seen on everyone's breast. From the Shelbourne Hotel to Kings-town there was a loud and continuous cry of "Long live France!"—one saw nothing but a sea of human faces flooding the streets, the walls, the house-tops, everything.

An old man, who had climbed up the chimney of a very high house, waved with one hand a branch of a tree and with the other the French flag, crying aloud all the time and gesticulating in such a way as to cause great fears for his safety. Thousands of carriages were ranged along the route.

Our carriages, preceded by our postillions, and surrounded by squadrons of men on horseback, advanced slowly in the midst of this excellent Irish crowd, which showed, in a really remarkable fashion, its love for our poor country. If our fellow-countrymen could only realise that affection

and that esteem, they would, like ourselves, be struck dumb with astonishment, and at the same time be delighted and almost consoled for their sufferings.

The weather was beautiful, the ladies were in full dress, even the houses themselves wore their holiday attire, that is to say, flags and garlands. I do not wish to prolong this description for fear of repeating myself, so I shall, therefore, condense my narrative.

At Kingstown, where we arrived at a quarter to seven, the crowd was so congested that its numbers could not be estimated. The carriages and the railway trains, which came in every five minutes, had brought swarms of people, without counting the mass of people who had come there on foot.

The foreground, which formed a sort of amphitheatre, was overflowing with men, women and children, who were in a paroxysm of enthusiasm. An immense parting greeting arose. Never, oh ! never, will it be granted to any man to witness such a sight, it was a frenzy *sui generis*, a frenzy of affection.

When the victoria, in which M. de Flavigny, M. de Feltre, Mr. Lombard and I were sitting, passed under one of these triumphal arches, a cage, wonderfully decorated with ribbons, flowers, bunches of grapes and little flags, was let down, and inside it we saw a charming dove, very much frightened at the cheers, which made the surrounding houses shake. That dove was brought back to France by Mme. de la Panouse.

We were no longer able to move forward. We

were also afraid of missing the steamer, and, moreover, the ladies of our party had not been able to arrive in time, so we made up our minds to stop at the Royal Marine Hotel and to leave next day.

Our hosts, who had not been told of our plans, believed that we had taken the steamer and retired quietly after the departure of the boat, which they had saluted with a final and supreme cheer, repeated over and over again by the echoes of the fair mountains of Ireland. During this movement of hundreds of thousands of people not a policeman had appeared on the scene. Order had been kept by the citizens themselves, and not for one moment was that order disturbed. I state here, in a most emphatic way, with all due deference to the English, who represent the Irish as a nation of drunkards, that during the whole time of my stay in Ireland I never saw a single man drunk. Not one ! I will not say the same about England !

Thus the predictions of the orange newspapers were never realised. It is true that the streets of the city did not resemble a churchyard ; crowds of happy people had filled those streets which had resounded with cries of joy, but not a single disgraceful or untoward act had taken place. However, these papers, enraged at this respect for order, lost their common sense. On the following day they stated that the French had refused to go to Kingstown, and that they had surreptitiously left by train, whilst the members of the Dublin Committee alone occupied the carriages. This impudent lie was laid bare.

*The Times* itself preserved a shrewd honesty, a quality long forgotten and put away in some corner of its establishment, and blamed the unfortunate zeal of the newspapers with which it was allied. If the orange readers had put on their spectacles they would have found amongst the members of the Committee—M. de Flavigny, M. Rufz de Lavison, M. O'Neill de Tyrone, M. de Feltre, M. de Contenson, Mr. O'Scanlon and myself, who, I can assure them, did not travel by train.

We remained an hour at the Kingstown Hotel. We saw the harbour lit up with the lights on the ships and the lighthouses glittering along the coast, with their white, red and green lamps. The steamboat left, and when it had disappeared from our eyes in the darkness of the night we returned to Dublin like humble citizens.

## CHAPTER XX.

### FROM DUBLIN TO LONDON.

28TH AUGUST.

SEVERAL members of the Deputation wished to spend another day in Dublin. MM. de Lesseps, Henri O'Neill, de la Chaise, Galishon and Cochin had already left Ireland. I, myself, left on the 28th, accompanied by M. and Mlle. Rufz de Lavison.

At 7 o'clock the train was on its way to Kingstown, and a few minutes afterwards we were on board the boat.

When we left the harbour, the sun was shining, and the breeze was soft and the sea calm. For the last time we threw admiring glances at the pretty town of Kingstown, the Irish coast and Dublin Bay. All of a sudden, without warning, we found ourselves in the middle of a thick fog. We could not see five feet before us.

The boat immediately slowed down, the siren whistled every minute, and men were placed at the bow of the ship so as to give warning of the least danger. Everybody knows the appalling results of collisions in the open sea, and the whole time that the fog lasted the Captain seemed most uneasy. But at the end of an hour the fog cleared off as rapidly as it had come, and once more the rays of the sun flooded us with their light. We

could see the perfect line of demarcation of the fog from which we had just emerged, and which covered part of the sea.

At last, behold the shores of England! The rugged sides of the Island of Holyhead arose before our eyes. After a crossing of five hours, our steamer entered the harbour.

The Captain, who was most kind to us, had reserved for us a special saloon, which we occupied. We shook hands with him and thanked him a thousand times, and then the train started.

From the Island of Holyhead we passed into the Island of Anglesey, and at Bangor, where there is an immensely long bridge, at the extremities of which two great lions in granite keep watch, we found that we were on the soil of Wales.

We saw again the curious and pretty town of Conway, with its embattled walls and square towers. We saw again the coast line, with its watering-places and green hills—Chester, the cheese town,—Stafford—the fields of corn—the meadows—the cows—the sheep—and once more we are in London at Euston Station.

Thank Heaven! the train for Paris left at 9 o'clock and it was then 7 o'clock. I made a hasty dinner, took a short walk in the Strand and in Trafalgar Square, and, delighted at being able to escape from the city of London—that city of bears, coalmen and pickpockets of both sexes—I made my way to Charing Cross and took my seat in the train.

Whilst I was awaiting the signal to start, I saw a most touching poster staring me in the face at

the station. I will repeat it here in its simple impudence :—

“ POLICE NOTICE.

“ The public are warned to beware of pick-pockets, who are often very well dressed. They are especially warned against women.”

This is delightful, and one is immediately inspired by a wish to keep one’s hands on one’s purse.

At last the whistle gives forth its piercing note and we have started.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

28TH AND 29TH AUGUST.

I SLEPT during the two hours of the journey between London and Dover, and at half-past eleven in the evening I got on board the steamer. It was full of passengers, and everyone tried to get the best possible accommodation. But at last the paddle-wheels churn the water, causing many a quiver to our boat which is now rounding the pierhead.

The night was fresh, and the moon at her full was shining with a soft brightness, silvering the white cliffs of Albion and lighting up the Castle with milky tints. The Straits of Dover behaved in their usual manner—that is to say, they were very badly behaved, and their waves made the boat jump about like a cocoa-nut. Little by little the lights of Dover disappeared and the rays of the two lighthouses, alone, still reached us ; but they in their turn disappeared, and now it is the fire on Cape *Gris Nez* which appears on our right. In half an hour's time we shall be in Calais, for already we can see the red light of the beacon on the pier.

We land. We have to open our trunks and show our passports. I say that I have nothing but linen and the Customs let me through. I

tell some fairy tale to the police official and I am not asked to produce my passport from my pocketbook.

The end of my journey does not deserve to be chronicled. I went to sleep in Calais and woke up in Paris, where I arrived on the 29th at 7 o'clock in the morning. I had thus done the journey from Dublin to Paris—twice across the sea, St. George's Channel and the Straits of Dover—in twenty-four hours. This speed is remarkable enough.

At 11 o'clock I was at Versailles with Marshal MacMahon, and I told him about the ovations we had received and the extraordinary popularity of his name in Ireland.

"Marshal," said I to him, "you were quite right not to go to the country of your ancestors, for, judging by the enthusiasm, the frenzy which your name aroused, I would not answer for the consequences if you had been there in person. The Irish would have been carried away by excitement—by almost a frenzy of delight, of admiration and of affection, which they would have insisted, at any price, on translating into deeds in active fashion. They would have beaten the police unmercifully—they would have overthrown the forces of the Queen, or attacked a barracks—you would have been proclaimed King—they would have thrown themselves into the sea for you . . . I tell you again, very serious events would have taken place. Never put your foot on the soil of your own island but at the head of a hundred thousand men as successor to General Hoche."

The Marshal listened to me with a smile, and seemed delighted at the esteem and adoration in which he was held in Ireland.

The next day being Wednesday, M. de Flavigny, Mme. de la Panouse and Mme. de Pitray returned to Paris, and that evening at dinner we related in a lively way to the Countess de Flavigny the emotions and the beauties of our unparalleled trip.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### LAST WORDS.

THUS ended our trip, which had indeed caused our minds to reel. The dismal forecasts of the pessimists, and the vexatious predictions of the ill-disposed, had come to naught. With the exception of the six policemen who were hustled about the night we entered Dublin, what we may call substantial order was not disturbed for one moment ; and a singular thing, which I have stated before, was that the citizens did their own policing without the help of either military or police. The Queen, it is true, got a few hard knocks, but the blame lies on her Government, which behaves in such a way as not to make her beloved by the victims of the Phœnix Park. The Irish have shown, and have even proclaimed aloud, their formal wish to possess a Parliament of their own, which would deal as it pleased with the Irish Army and Navy, and I cannot understand why the English people should consider as wrong in Ireland what they approve of in Italy, in Hungary, in Belgium, in Egypt, and even in Poland. No doubt they will say that the French Deputation was a pretext for these demonstrations. This is true enough. But a pretext is always easy to find, and failing the French Deputation perhaps another, which might have taken its place, would have caused the English Government far more

anxiety, for it might not have been distinguished by the calmness and reserve of the French pretext, represented by M. de Flavigny. England ought to be thankful to us ; we played the rôle of a lightning-conductor in her interests !

On the recent visit of the Deputation of the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded to England, to return thanks for her gifts during the war, the Government and the Aristocracy of that country thought it expedient to invite the Prussian Ambassador to a dinner to which they had also requested the company of M. de Flavigny. The latter had the good sense to conceal his . . . astonishment, but he has just given them in return a banquet in Dublin. They are quits. Moreover, if M. de Flavigny had that intention, I must congratulate him.

Let us, therefore, leave the English to give vent to their ill-humour in any way they like. We rescued them at Inkerman and in China, and this year they have allowed us to sink without listening to our cries of despair. Ah, well ! It is a lesson. Whether we are gracious or not towards them, it is all one. Self-interest, alone, will always be their guide. Let us not trouble ourselves, therefore, about them ! Let us remember the articles in their newspapers, and the attitude of their Government, during the war !

But what conclusion must we draw from the splendid reception which brought such joy to the hearts of the members of the French Deputation in Ireland ?

In the first place, it is essential to understand that it is France above all that the Irish wished

to honour in their representatives. Ireland adores us, and, rightly or wrongly, fixes her hopes in us. The great popularity which M. de Flavigny enjoyed in that country increased their goodwill towards us, and was the foundation of the enthusiasm with which they greeted us.

Furthermore, the demonstrations of which we were the objects will, in my opinion, have a grave political importance. As I have explained before, the greater part of the English people was, I believe, on the side of France when war broke out, and *a fortiori* is now even more disposed in her favour. Moreover, the whole of Ireland, that is to say, one-third of the population of the British Isles, has, by their demonstrations, openly joined with that part of the English people who sympathise with us. The Government and the aristocracy must, therefore, reckon with this mass of electors who are favourable to France, and I am confident that this consideration will influence the official attitude.

Let me also mention that the number of the Irish who are scattered throughout America is incalculable. There are also those friends of France who are in regular correspondence with their mother-country and who will learn of the ovations given by their ancient cities to the French, and their love for our country will thereby find itself endowed with new life. The Irish have great influence in America ; there is, therefore, a happy political result, and *L'Opinion Nationale* has no reason to worry about it.

In fact, we should be grateful to the Irish for these marks of affection. They were the only

people—absolutely the only people—who came to our assistance during the war, for they hated, and still hate, the Prussians as much as we do. Certainly, if their Parliament had been in existence last Autumn—at the time of our disasters—they would have flown to our assistance with all their Army and all their Navy, like real friends, like the true great-hearted people that they are; and, after Inkerman, they would not have remained content with simply sending us lint.

Let us never forget these good intentions. Let us be reserved towards England, but for wretched political considerations let us not fall into the greatest of all vices, the vice of ingratitude; and let us always cherish the names of Messrs. P. J. Smyth, John Martin, Sullivan, Lombard, A. E. Lesage, MacCann, MacCabe Fay. In a word, let us always bear in our mind the members of the Irish Ambulance Committee and the whole Irish nation.

PARIS, 14th September, 1871.



## APPENDIX

### A.

(Referred to at page xx.)

### COMITÉ IRLANDAIS POUR LES BLESSÉS FRANÇAIS.

40 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET,  
DUBLIN.

17<sup>me</sup> Septembre, 1870.

Le Comité irlandais pour venir au secours des soldats français blessés ayant résolu d'envoyer en France un corps d'ambulance entièrement équipé, a envoyé M. P. J. Smyth et M. Auguste Lesage en France comme leurs représentants pour conclure avec les autorités les conditions nécessaires pour la réception du Corps d'Ambulance irlandaise, et pour demander la solution des questions suivantes :—

Le Gouvernement français accepte les services de l'Ambulance irlandaise, et la placera sur le même pied que celles de la France.

Le Comité irlandais payera les dépenses nécessaires pour équiper et transporter ces corps d'ambulances au port désigné d'avance à condition qu'ils seront pris sous la protection des autorités françaises pendant leurs séjour en France.

Le Corps des Ambulances pendant le temps de service sera considéré comme corps irlandais assujetti toujours aux autorités françaises.

Lorsque les services de l'Ambulance irlandaise ne seront plus nécessaires le Comité demande que les fonctionnaires irlandais seront repatriés sauf, ceux d'entre eux qui désireront rester en France.

Si nos représentants sont informés qu'il faut plusieurs

corps d'ambulance irlandaise, le Comité croit pouvoir promettre le nombre de volontaires nécessaires comme une offrande amicale à la France.

Les autres détails sont laissés à la discrétion de nos députés Messieurs P. J. Smyth et Lesage.

Signé au nom du Comité,

PATRICK McCABE FAY.

EDWARD McMAHON.

B.

(Referred to at page xxiii.)

(a)

Communication from the *Sous-Préfet* of Havre.

Sous-Préfecture du Havre.

LE HAVRE,

LE 30 7<sup>bre</sup>, 1870.

MONSIEUR LE DÉLÉGUÉ,

J'ai l'honneur de vous adresser ci-joint copie d'une dépêche télégraphique relative à l'organisation d'un corps étranger exclusivement destiné à recevoir les Irlandais qui seraient disposés à servir la France.

Je suis heureux d'avoir à vous apprendre que le Gouvernement accepte avec empressement le généreux concours de vos compatriotes.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Délégué, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

Le Sous-Préfet,

E. RAMEL.

À Monsieur le Délégué.

(b)

Telegraphic despatch from the Minister of War to the  
*Préfet* of Rouen.

SOUS-PRÉFECTURE DU HAVRE.

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(SEINE-INFERIEURE.)

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URG. ROUEN COURS 4823 29 2, 18 soir.

GUERRE À PRÉFET, ROUEN.

Faites connaître aux délégués Irlandais qu'un décret du 28 <sup>7<sup>bre</sup> a ordonné la formation à Cherbourg, d'un régiment étranger qui, suivant l'intention du Gouvernement est exclusivement destiné à recevoir des Irlandais. Les délégués s'entendront avec le Général commandant la 16<sup>e</sup> Division Militaire à Cherbourg. Prévenez au besoin cet officier Général.</sup>

Pour copie conforme,

Le Sous-Préfet,

E. RAMEL.

C.

Letters.

(a)

Société de Secours aux  
Blessés des Armées de  
Terre et de Mer.  
Délégation de Tours.

TOURS,  
le 23 Septembre, 1870.

MONSIEUR,

Je vous remercie, non seulement au nom de la Société française de Secours aux Blessés, dont je suis le représentant, mais au nom de tous mes compatriotes, de l'offre généreuse que vous voulez bien nous faire. Elle ne fera que resserrer davantage les vieux liens qui unissent l'Irlande à la France. Nous savons depuis longtemps à quoi nous en tenir sur les sentiments que les Irlandais conservaient pour leurs amis de France. Cette nouvelle expression d'une sympathie qui nous est bien précieuse dans les tristes jours que nous traversons, nous touche profondément.

Dès que l'Ambulance que vous nous annoncez sera parvenue à Cherbourg, veuillez m'en faire prévenir officiellement, et un délégué de la Société, s'empressera d'aller à sa rencontre, et de lui indiquer la direction que la tournure de la guerre nous fera paraître le plus opportune.

Encore une fois, veuillez agréer, Monsieur, pour vous-même, pour le Comité, dont vous êtes le délégué, et pour tous vos compatriotes, l'assurance de notre reconnaissance et de nos fidèles sympathies.

VTE DE FLAVIGNY,  
Délégué de la Société Française de Secours  
aux Blessés à Tours.

Monsieur P. J. Smyth.

(b)

SOCIÉTÉ DE SECOURS AUX BLESSÉS,

TOURS,  
*23 Octobre, 1870.*

MONSIEUR LE DÉLÉGUÉ,

Aujourd'hui que l'Ambulance irlandaise est installée sur le sol français et a pris une direction qui la rapprochera incessamment du théâtre des hostilités, je suis heureux de vous témoigner toute la reconnaissance de la Société Française de Secours aux Blessés pour l'envoi de cette ambulance et pour la part que vous avez prise personnellement à son organisation, son débarquement, et à sa réorganisation.

Je saisiss cette occasion, Monsieur le Délégué, pour vous dire quel bon souvenir je garderai toujours des rapports personnels qu'il m'a été donné d'entretenir avec vous à cette occasion, et pour vous dire aussi combien j'ai été heureux d'être pour ma modeste part l'intermédiaire entre mon pays et celui que vous représentez si dignement.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Délégué, l'assurance de ma respectueuse considération.

C<sup>te</sup> DE FLAVIGNY.

A Monsieur P. J. Smyth,  
Délégué du Comité à Dublin.

(c)

Cabinet du  
Préfet Du Cher.

BOURGES,  
*le 1er Octobre, 1871.*

MONSIEUR,

Je vous remercie de votre aimable lettre et du bon souvenir que vous voulez bien me garder. Je suis

heureux de la distinction que le Gouvernement de la République vient de vous accorder. Je voudrais qu'il y en eût une plus flatteuse et qu'il dépendît de moi de vous l'offrir.

J'ai suivi avec émotion le voyage de mon père en Irlande, où il a obtenu le plus grand de tous les honneurs, celui d'être considéré comme une personnification de sa patrie, non par suite d'une nomination ou d'un titre officiel, mais par l'élan spontané de tout un peuple.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute considération, et de ma profonde sympathie.

Le Préfet du Cher,

V<sup>te</sup> DE FLAVIGNY.

Monsieur P. J. Smyth.

D.

OEUVRE INTERNATIONALE.

1870-1871.

SECOURS VOLONTAIRE.

Sur Les Champs De Bataille, Dans Les Ambulances,  
et Dans Les Hôpitaux.

Le Conseil de la Société française de Secours aux  
Blessés et Malades des Armées de terre et de mer.

Offre à Monsieur P. J. Smyth, M.P., une Croix de  
bronze, signe de l'œuvre, ainsi que le présent Diplôme,  
en souvenir des services généreux et dévoués rendus à  
la France pendant la guerre.

PARIS, le *Deux Juillet*, 1871.

Le Secrétaire Général,  
C<sup>te</sup> DE BEAUFORT.

Le Président,  
C<sup>te</sup> DE FLAVIGNY.

Le Délégué,  
Près les Ministères de la  
Guerre et de la Marine.

Vice-Président,  
C<sup>te</sup> SÉRURIER.

E.

(a)

Communication from the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

VERSAILLES,

*le 29 Août, 1871.*

MONSIEUR,

J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer que, voulant reconnaître la part que vous avez bien voulu prendre dans l'œuvre des sociétés irlandaises, créées en faveur des Français, victimes de la dernière guerre, le Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif, Président du Conseil des Ministres, vient, sur ma proposition, de vous conférer, par Arrêté, en date de ce jour, la Croix de Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. Il m'est bien agréable d'avoir à vous féliciter sur une distinction si bien placée. Je m'empresserai de vous remettre les insignes dès qu'ils m'auront été remis par la Grande Chancellerie de l'Ordre.

Recevez, Monsieur, les assurances de ma considération distinguée.

Le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères,

DE REMUSAT.

Monsieur P. J. Smyth,  
Membre du Parlement.

(b)

## RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

Grande Chancellerie.

— 11937

Division Administrative.

— 1<sup>er</sup> Bureau.ORDRE NATIONAL DE LA LÉGION  
D'HONNEUR.

Le Grand Chancelier de l'Ordre National de la Légion d'Honneur

Certifie que, par Arrêté du vingt neuf Août mil huit cent soixante onze

MONSIEUR P. J. SMYTH,

Membre du Parlement Anglais,

a été nommé Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, pour prendre rang du même jour.

Vu et enregistré

Sous le No. 70.

Le Chef de la Division.

PARIS, le 5 Septembre, 1871.

VINOY,  
Par le Grand Chancelier.Le Secrétaire Général,  
DE VAUDRISNEY.

F.

Each member of the Irish Ambulance Corps received, on the day of departure from Dublin, a copy of the following address from the Committee :—

**“OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE IRISH AMBULANCE CORPS  
FOR THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.**

“ You have undertaken a heavy task, but one which, if worthily performed, will gain for you the gratitude both of your own country and of France.

“ You go, in this hour of her dire distress, to France, to assist in the care and relief of her wounded soldiers. You go to prove the sympathy which Ireland feels for France. But your work is one of humanity ; and on the battlefield you will go to the relief of all the wounded whom it may be in your power to save—even of the enemies of France.

“ Members of an Ambulance Corps, you must take no part in the conflict. Your only part must be to save and to relieve suffering. To perform your task worthily and well you must maintain strict discipline.

“ You will be in the service of France, and your Corps will be subject, as an Ambulance Corps, to the orders of the French Government.

“ Merit the respect of the French and the praise of your own countrymen, by your courage, your patience, your sobriety, your humanity, your faithfulness. Think that the loving eyes of Ireland are upon her sons representing her abroad in this noble and holy work. Think how your faults would grieve Ireland—would disgrace Ireland ! Think how your virtues will give joy and honour to Ireland !

“ Forward then ! sons of Ireland, on your glorious mission. Your duties will be arduous, and may be even

dangerous, but you will face all those difficulties nobly, remembering that they are endured for France and Ireland. The spirit and energy of your race, well tried in many a field of toil and danger, will carry you over all obstacles, and win for you an honourable fame, which France and Ireland will record in history."

G.

THE RISE OF PRUSSIA.

(Note.)

THE great military power of Prussia—the foundation of the German Empire—was created by Frederick the Great (King of Prussia, 1740–1786). The central aim of his policy was to put Prussia in the place of Austria at the head of a Confederation of German States. He annexed Silesia—he took his share of Poland when her territory was partitioned by the three “Great” Powers—and he initiated, formed and settled the characteristic policy of his kingdom, which has retained ever since the impress he gave it.

It is easy to trace the consistent steps in the great scheme, pursued with undeviating and persistent determination, for the ultimate attainment of Germanic pre-ponderance, under the supremacy of Prussia. Though Prussia’s military power went down before Napoleon at Iena, yet, since the war of 1864, her aggrandisement has advanced with giant strides. Then Denmark was assailed and dismembered, Schleswig-Holstein being ceded to the German Confederation, and the great harbour of Kiel secured, as a preliminary to the ship-canal, connecting the North Sea with the Baltic, and a seaboard on the north.

In 1866 Prussia defied the German Confederation, in which all the German Powers had a voice in determining the general polity, and war was declared between Prussia (with Italy) and Austria. By the Treaty of Prague, after the victory of Sadowa and the “Seven Weeks War,” the German Confederation was dissolved and Austria was severed from Germany. Hanover, Hesse, Nassau and

other States were annexed, and the North German Confederation arose with its frontier on the Rhine and Prussia at its head. Ties of sympathy and interest had bound the South German States to Austria, and now Prussia had the power to compel these States to accept a military convention. In 1870 war was declared between France and Prussia, and nigh five years after Sadowa the South German States united with the Confederation of the North, the German Empire was proclaimed, and the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor at Versailles.

By the Treaty of Frankfort (1871) Alsace and Lorraine were ceded to Prussia by France, who thereby gave up her frontier on the Rhine, and the German Empire extended now beyond the Vosges on the west.

Having ousted Austria and absorbed all the States around her, Prussia had thus more than realised the ambition of Frederick the Great. She had become swollen into an Empire in her victorious struggle for supremacy, and she now bade fair to become the leading power, if not the all-powerful arbiter, of Europe.

H.

(a)

ADDRESS OF THE IRISH AMBULANCE  
COMMITTEE  
TO THE COMTE DE FLAVIGNY.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—On the part of the Ambulance Committee and kindred organisations, we venture to intrude an instant on your sorrow, in order to convey to you, to your sisters the Ladies de Pitray and de la Panouse, and the several members of your family, the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy and condolence.

The blow which has befallen your house is felt throughout our country, for, brief though his sojourn amongst us, your father came to be regarded as a member of the Irish family.

You, Monsieur le Comte, and his surviving relatives, may be consoled by the reflection that, although his life was prolonged beyond the period usually accorded to men, it was throughout a life of unblemished honour, unstained by egotism—its pole-star, ever duty to France and to Him whose protecting arm has never, in storm or sunshine, been wholly withdrawn.

Ireland is consoled by the conviction that the coronet which you, Monsieur le Comte, inherit from such a father will lose none of its brightness on the brow of the son. She has heard of your labours as acting chief of the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded, of your provident care for the Irish Ambulance in Havre, and on the various fields where its services were called into operation; of the administrative ability which you displayed as Prefect

of Bourges ; of your regret in not having been able to accompany your father to her shores—she has heard all this, and feels instinctively that over her at least the grave has had no victory.

She prays that the name de Flavigny may remain for ever a bright link in the golden chain of sympathy binding Ireland to France indissolubly.

*17th October, 1873.*

(b)

#### REPLY.

MONNAIE (INDRE ET LOIRE),  
*1st December, 1873.*

GENTLEMEN,—I have just received the address of condolence which you have done me the honour of sending me on the occasion of my father's death. I am more than touched with the homage which you render to his memory, and my family will piously preserve this document as the most precious of inheritances. But whatever may be my gratitude and that of my family for all that we personally owe Ireland, it is nothing compared with that which we cherish as Frenchmen, for the devotion and affection which she has shown our country in the melancholy circumstances through which we have recently passed. Permit me to salute in you, gentlemen, the noblest of her representatives, and accept the renewed assurance of my high consideration, and of my unalterable gratitude.

COMTE DE FLAVIGNY.

# I.

(Referred to at page xxvii.)

## IRISH HELP FOR FRANCE.

To the Editor of the *Freeman*.

November 14, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—The unerring instinct of the Irish people enables them to appreciate truly the struggle between Prussia, contending for territory, and France, for existence. The least informed amongst them feels that the defeat and humiliation of France would throw back the cause of liberty in Europe half a century. They know that she is the only nation in the world whose policy has always been directed by a generous sentiment, and that while the greatness of other Powers is based on the oppression of the weak, it is the glory of France that in this the hour of her misfortune, she attracts the sympathy of every oppressed nationality. She has sinned, granted ; but the hour of disaster is not the one usually chosen by noble natures to heap reproaches. When we are reminded of Voltaire, it would be only just to observe that the land of Voltaire is likewise the land of Freedom, and that if religion has been scandalised by the utterances of French infidels, she has been glorified in every age by the heroism of French martyrs. If in foolish pride of intellect some French writers have impiously essayed to lift up reason to the level of the Divinity, let it be remembered that French piety incessantly produces the bravest missionaries that go forth into savage and heathen lands courting martyrdom in the cause of God. There are some amongst us who despair of France, and who would

cast upon the nation the odium of the treasonable capitulations of Sedan and Metz. I ask those persons to point me out the nation in Europe, or in the world, save France alone, that would have survived these disasters ? Further, I tell them that, having regard not merely to the accumulation of wealth but to its distribution, France is the richest country in Europe, and that her almost measureless resources are even still comparatively intact. The spirit of her people, so far from being crushed, gathers new strength from every reverse ; and her young men and her old are rising to the work before them with a sublime devotion, for which history presents no parallel, save in the France of 1792. The hands of the young *Mobiles* that a few weeks ago inscribed on the base of the statue of the Maid of Orleans the touching words—*Jeanne D'Arc sauvez encore la France*, may now be stiff in death, but Orleans is saved ! So, too, will France be saved. If there be Irishmen truly desirous of taking part in the great work of liberation, the road for them is open and the pathway clear. She has all our sympathies—how can those sympathies be directed so as to be of most service to France ? We have subscribed, and are willing to subscribe again—to what purpose can those subscriptions be most beneficially applied ? The war over, objects of charity will abound in every department, but for the present, I repeat, the truest charity is that which helps France to repel the invader. A thousand pounds converted into guns, or given to the French military authorities for that purpose, would be of more service to France than ten thousand pounds distributed amongst French charitable institutions. There is in the fair City of Caen, in Normandy, the nucleus of an Irish Regiment. It is styled the 2nd Foreign Regiment (*2<sup>ndme</sup> Régiment étranger*), and will be composed exclusively of Irishmen. It is my firm belief that if within a month its strength were increased to five thousand the position of our country in the face of Europe would be proportionably exalted. Neutrality may forbid that, but there is no law to prevent us from proving to the brave Irishmen now enrolled in

the service of France that Ireland watches over them. There is no law to prevent the subscribers to a French sympathy fund in any locality, directing that their subscriptions shall be applied to the purposes of the Irish Regiment. If Irish ladies chose to form a committee for the purpose of working an Irish flag to be presented to the Irish Regiment, the law will not interfere with them. If Irish sympathisers with France, taking warning by the Ambulance, chose to direct that their subscriptions shall be applied to the maintenance of an Irish Chaplain with the Irish Regiment, the law will not interfere, and it would be difficult to imagine a more useful, more pious or more legitimate application of public money. The idea that English-speaking priests can be found in every Department in France is entirely erroneous. Let it be borne in mind that these men of the Irish Regiment are the men who saved the Ambulance, and what is of far greater moment, saved the character of our race. The number at present is small, not exceeding, I believe, a hundred. That is not their fault. Be it ours to let them feel that the heart of Ireland is with them wherever they go.

Truly yours,

P. J. SMYTH.

K.

## THE FRENCH DEPUTATION.

The Deputation from the French Society for the Relief of the Wounded was composed of :—

THE COMTE DE FLAVIGNY, President of the Society, and his daughters, THE VICOMTESSE ARTUS DE LA PANOUSE and THE VICOMTESSE DE PITRAY.

The Vicomtesse de la Panouse, grand-daughter of the Comte de Flavigny, is now President of the French Red Cross—London Committee. Her husband, Colonel Vicomte Artus de la Panouse, C.B., is Military Attaché at the French Embassy in London.

THE DUC DE FELTRE, grandson of Marshal Clarke and brother-in-law of the Comte de Flavigny.

THE VICOMTE O'NEILL DE TYRONE, a direct descendant of the great Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone\*—translated into French the melodies of Moore and poems of Thomas Davis.

M. HENRI O'NEILL, Lieutenant in the Cavalry—Cousin of the Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone. Note, page 31.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, the famous Engineer, and MME. DE LESSEPS.

M. DENYS COCHIN, son of Augustin Cochin, the philanthropist and *littérateur*, and friend of Montalembert and Monseigneur Dupanloup—was Standard-Bearer of General Bourbaki in the Army of the East, and won the Military Medal—Ministre d'Etat, 1915.

\* *Hugh O'Neill and his Descendants.* By M. de la Ponce.

DOCTOR RUFZ DE LAVISON, a distinguished naturalist, and his daughter, M<sup>LE</sup>. DE LAVISON.

M. and M<sup>ME</sup>. DE GALISHON.

CAPTAIN DE CONTENSON. Note, page 32.

CAPTAIN DE LA CHAISE.

M. ALFRED DUQUET, Advocate in the Court of Appeal, Paris.—Author of *Irlande et France*.

MONSIEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans; MARSHAL MACMAHON, Duc de Magenta; M. GUILLEMARD, Maire of Havre, and M. RAMEL, Préfet of Havre, were invited by the Irish Ambulance Committee, but they were unable to avail themselves of the invitations.

THE DUC DE FITZJAMES, descendant of Marshal Berwick, and VICOMTE PATRICE MACMAHON, eldest son of Marshal MacMahon, were to have accompanied the Deputation, but they were prevented from coming to Ireland, and their places were taken by Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Patrice MacMahon, the present holder of the title of Duc de Magenta, married Princess Marguérite d'Orléans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres. He was promoted Brigadier-General in 1915. His brother, Emmanuel, became a General in 1914.

THE VICOMTE DE FLAVIGNY, Préfet of Bourges, and the COMTE SÉRURIER, Vice-President of the Society for the Relief of the Wounded, were also unable to accompany the Deputation.





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